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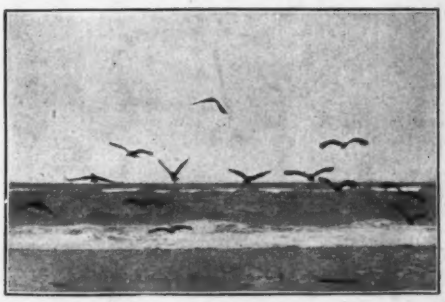
The Independent

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

VACATION



NUMBER

June 1, 1905

SIXTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

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"Standard"
PORCELAIN ENAMELED Baths & One Piece Lavatories

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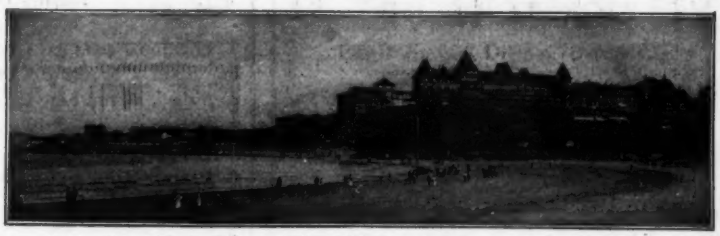

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Survey of the World

Secretary Taft's Address in Ohio

At Ohio's Republican convention, on the 24th, the most prominent figure was Secretary Taft, the temporary chairman, who is now regarded as a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1908. For this reason, and because he so directly represented the President, certain passages in his long address have been carefully considered throughout the country. Concerning the Esch-Townsend bill for the regulation of railroad rates he said:

"It attempts to give more power to the Railroad Commission so that its orders, when made, shall be effective until set aside by judicial hearing. It does not as yet provide for a general fixing of a table of rates by the Commission, but only calls for a fixing of a maximum rate upon complaint with respect to a specific instance of injustice. It seems a moderate measure, calculated to give the added power to the Commission necessary to effectiveness for remedying specific wrongs in rates without creating an all-powerful tribunal which shall in advance take away from railways the power of rate-making and of elastically responding to varying conditions. It will not thus paralyze individual effort in meeting the changing demands of trade. We can certainly trust our lawgivers to respond to the popular demand and to regulate the railways, so far as they ought to be regulated, without interfering with that control over their own property and with that motive for efficient and economic management which are still required to make successful the enormous business of railway transportation in America. This question must be settled by the Republicans."

The history of the Republican party's sacrifices in favor of human rights, he continued, and of its "contest for individualism against socialism" proved that it was not a party of the corporation and of the rich. Mr. Bryan represented an element of the Democratic party that was hastening as rapidly as possible toward a doctrine in which vested rights are little regarded:

"He is now formulating a doctrine in favor of the Government ownership of commercial railroads, to which he hopes to lead his party. Against this proposition, I feel confident, the Republican party will set its face like flint."

This was an additional reason why steps should be taken to remedy railway abuses by an increased power of governmental supervision and regulation, "in order to meet the argument that Government ownership is the only cure." To meet the deficit in national revenue there were "two alternatives: either to impose additional internal taxes or to readjust and revise the tariff." It seemed certain, he thought, that the treaty with Santo Domingo would be ratified because its provisions were so equitable and the necessity for it was so great. There was some difference of opinion as to the extent of the Monroe Doctrine:

"The President insists that if the United States is to become responsible to Europe for the good conduct of the Governments of Central and South America, then it must be heard by those Governments when it demands that they put their houses in order and so avoid the just complaints of European Powers. The Monroe Doctrine is difficult to maintain at all events, and if we assert it as we do we should accept the obligations that follow the assertion of the right."

While Mr. Roosevelt did insist upon carrying a "big stick," he spoke softly

and exercised a degree of forbearance that the confidence of strength and a righteous purpose justified:

"In one of the South American Republics we are at present engaged in attempting to rescue the property of American citizens from what is said to be an unjust confiscation by the sovereign under color of judicial sanction. We have asked for arbitration and it has been refused, and we are waiting now only until Congress assembles before submitting the facts to it for its consideration. Meantime we are exercising toward this Republic all the forbearance that is due to a weaker nation."

We should hold the Philippines, he said, certainly for a generation, and probably for several generations, but they could never have the advantages to which they were entitled so long as a high tariff wall between them and the States was maintained.—Governor Herrick was renominated by acclamation. He denounced the "professional lobby" at the capital and promised to recommend legislation against it. The platform says that Congress "should so legislate that American ships, with American sailors, shall carry American products over all seas and through the Panama Canal"; that unjust discrimination at the ballot box, based on race, color, or previous condition, must not be tolerated; and that "no step should be taken that may imperil or threaten our good times." Commending every effort to enforce existing laws against Trusts and discrimination in railway charges, it favors such further legislation concerning this discrimination "as may seem to the Republican Congress and Administration to be wise and conservative."

Railway Rates and Canal Purchases

Neither in Secretary Taft's speech nor in the platform was any reference made to the purchase of Panama Canal supplies. On the 20th the Secretary gave to the press a statement that the Government's original decision as to such purchases had undergone no change. That decision appears to have been suggested by the price exacted for 7,000 tons of railroad rails. Mr. Drake, secretary of the Panama Railroad Company, says in an official letter that, altho the company in June, 1904, bought American rails for $21.75 per ton, the Commission was recently required to pay $26.45 for 7,000 tons. It is asserted that the same rails, for export to Europe, could have been had for $20. Public discussion of this question may have been the cause of the dissolution last week of the Steel Rail Association or Pool, which for several years past has maintained a price of $28 for buyers in the United States. The Commission also bought 200,000 pounds of lead from a foreign house, whose price was far below that which American producers demanded. A well-known Washington correspondent asserts over his signature that it was the President himself who said that the Trusts must be "made to take their feet out of the trough."—Mr. Elkins's Senate committee has closed its inquiry concerning railroad rates. A large majority of the witnesses recently testifying were railroad officers. It is asserted in Washington that the committee, opposing the President's policy and the House bill, will recommend a decrease, rather than an increase, of the Commission's power over rates, but will ask that power be granted for a frequent examination of the railway companies' books, in order that discrimination may be detected.

A Reform Victory in Philadelphia

Owing to an extraordinary popular protest against the recent approval by the city Councils of a lease of the Philadelphia gas works for seventy-five years to the United Gas Improvement Company, the lease proposition was withdrawn by the company on the 27th. Mayor Weaver's veto had not been received by the Councils, but it was known that already the number of converted Councilmen was sufficient to sustain the veto at the approaching meeting. It had been an exciting week in Philadelphia. On the 23d, Mayor Weaver demanded the resignations of David J. Smyth, Director of Public Safety, and Peter E. Costello, Director of Public Works. These officers controlled the police and fire departments, the prisons, the inspection of buildings, the highways, the

cleaning and lighting of the streets, the water works and many public contracts. They insisted upon retaining their places until their successors should qualify, being confident that the Select Council would not confirm the Mayor's nominations. Therefore he summarily removed them, appointing in their places Col. Sheldon Potter, a lawyer, and A. Lincoln Acker, a merchant, both heartily in sympathy with the reform movement. At the same time he retained as his counsel ex-Judge James Jay Gordon, of Philadelphia, and Elihu Root, of New York, formerly Secretary of War. On the following day, Judge Ralston, of the Court of Common Pleas, granted a temporary injunction restraining the Mayor from removing Smyth and Costello, and another restraining Potter and Acker from taking the offices. On the 25th Chief Justice Mitchell granted a writ of special supersedeas permitting Potter and Acker to assume the duties of their offices pending an investigation by the Supreme Court. Chairman Winston, of the Committee of Seventy, setting out to engage counsel of equal rank with the attorneys retained by the advocates of the lease, found many prominent lawyers unwilling to serve, because of their relations with the Gas Improvement Company or its affiliated corporations. Therefore he employed counsel in New York. Many of the Councilmen who voted for the lease were subjected to ostracism and boycotting. They were pursued and publicly denounced; their wives were shunned by all their neighbors; in the public schools their children were pointed out by other children as the offspring of "gas thieves"; business patronage was withdrawn from them; they were hunted from place to place by automobile parties; innumerable messages by telephone and wire and the mails were showered upon them; their portraits and addresses were placarded in the streets and published in the newspapers. Many yielded to this pressure, and when the lease proposition was withdrawn others were ready to give their allegiance to the Mayor. Persons formerly associated with the politicians who supported the lease, but who have broken with them, assert that it was the politicians' plan to sell the water works and to promote a combination of all the public utilities under private ownership and in one corporation. The reformers will probably make municipal ownership an issue in coming campaigns.—The law of New York, imposing special taxes upon the franchises of street railway companies and other public service corporations in cities, has been sustained by the Supreme Court. It was enacted while Mr. Roosevelt was Governor. The corporations declined to pay and appealed to the courts. In New York City alone the taxes overdue which now must be paid exceed $24,000,000.

First Awards from the Hero Fund

The Commissioners of the Carnegie Hero Fund of $5,000,000 made their first awards last week, giving medals to nine persons, two of these being young women, while three are the widows of men whose heroism is thus remembered. For the dependent relatives of the 59 persons killed by an explosion in a shoe factory at Brockton, Mass., on March 20th last, $10,000 was appropriated. Awards were made as follows:

Mrs. Gideon King Marshall, of Springdale, Pa., whose husband, a carpenter, lost his life, on May 25th, 1904, in a well into which he had descended to rescue two laborers who had been overcome there by gas. A silver medal and $500 to pay off a mortgage on her house.

Mrs. Seymour J. Leighton, whose husband, a machinist, 41 years old, was drowned, July 4th, 1904, in the Merrimac River, near Lawrence, Mass., while striving to save two girls who had been carried over a waterfall in a canoe. A bronze medal and $600.

Mrs. Thomas H. McCann, of Portland, Me., whose husband, on June 29th, 1904, after great exertion saved a boy who had fallen into the water of Portland harbor, and then was himself drowned. A bronze medal and $600 to satisfy a mortgage.

Miss Ernestine P. Atwood, a student 17 years old, of Melrose, Mass., who at great risk, on August 22d, 1904, while bathing at the ocean beach in North Weymouth, saved and brought to the shore a drowning man after he had gone down for the third time. A silver medal and $500 for her education.

Miss Lavinia Steele, 27 years old, of Iowa City, Ia., who, on December 9th, 1904, at great risk rescued George E. Hill, a law student, who had broken through the ice while skating on the Iowa River. A bronze medal.

John J. Riley, 44 years old, a ticket seller on a steamboat, who, on August 15th, 1904, dived from the end of the Iron Steamboat Company's pier at Coney Island, and saved August Rolke, 48 years, who had sought to commit suicide by drowning. A bronze medal.

John J. Healy, 24 years old, hospital attendant at Ellis Island, New York Harbor, who saved from drowning Agnes Strobel, who had leaped into the water to end her life. A bronze medal.

Louis J. Bauman, 17 years old, of Rodi, Pa., who, on July 17th, 1904, dived three times to rescue a drowning boy, and finally succeeded in dragging him under water to the shore. A bronze medal.

Alexander Cameron, 27 years old, a painter, of Lindsay County, Ontario, Canada, who saved a boy from drowning in the Scugag River, and suffered greatly thereafter from exhaustion and nervous shock. A silver medal.

The Commissioners have had under consideration 405 cases; 239 have been rejected, a majority of these because the events took place before April 15th, 1904, when the Fund was established; 159 are awaiting investigation. It must be shown that life was voluntarily risked.

The Teamsters' Strike in Chicago

Owing to the attitude of the seven express companies, who refused to take back any of their drivers (because they had broken their contracts), no progress was made last week toward a settlement of the teamsters' strike in Chicago. The lumber trade became involved because of the discharge of the lumber companies' teamsters who refused to deliver lumber to the boycotted stores and factories. There was but little rioting. The sheriff had 3,600 deputies on duty, and the police force had been augmented by 3,000 special patrolmen. Governor Deneen informed Mayor Dunne that if troops were needed he could have a sufficient number on hand in two hours. At the end of the week the strikers felt the discouraging effect of action taken by the Associated Building Trades. These union organizations, controlling 30,000 workmen, formally resolved to stand by their contracts and to do nothing that could draw them into the controversy. This indicated a loss of both moral and financial support. The teamsters sent agents to Eastern cities to raise money and also to ascertain whether the drivers employed by the express companies in those cities could be induced to strike in sympathy. In the cases of the union leaders who were required to show why they should not be punished for contempt of court, Judge Kohlsaat ruled that President Shea might decline to answer, because, as he was under indictment, his replies might incriminate him or work to his disadvantage in the indictment prosecution. But no such plea was accepted in the cases of several other union officers, who were found guilty of contempt and sentenced to be confined in jail. They were allowed to be at liberty for five days, however, in order that their counsel might make due preparation for action to be taken in their behalf.—Seventeen boys who had been leaders in the public school strikes were committed to correctional institutions. It is asserted in Chicago that the school strikers were encouraged by some of their teachers, whose organization or union is affiliated with the Federation of Labor. The Federation adopted resolutions declaring that it would stand by the children who went on strike; that "if necessary for their vindication" it would withdraw all of the union members' children "from the corporation-controlled schools," and that it would appeal to the Supreme Court for the liberty "of the highest type of childhood to-day."—In New York about 12,000 excavators and rockmen are on strike for higher wages and for recognition of their union. For this reason work upon the foundations of several hundred buildings has been suspended.—Judge Morrow, of the Circuit Court, has issued, in San Francisco, an order restraining the California Federation of Labor from boycotting the products of a hat factory in Danbury, Conn.—In Quincy, Ill., eight leading officers of local unions have been indicted for boycotting a laundry company. One of the indicted men is a member of the Board of Education.

Cuba and Porto Rico

Gen. José Miguel Gomez, Governor of the province of Santa Clara, was nominated for President by the National-Liberal convention, apparently without any serious opposition, but a consider-

able number of delegates who preferred Governor Nunez (of Havana province) did not vote, having asked in vain that action be deferred on account of the illness of Gen. Maximo Gomez, the old revolutionist leader, who is Governor Nunez's foremost supporter. Owing to the disaffection of these delegates, the Moderates (who will nominate President Palma) may offer to Governor Nunez the second place on their ticket. It is said that if Governor Gomez should be elected he would seek to procure from the United States a modification of the restrictions of the Platt Amendment.—An official statement covering recent calendar years shows that Porto Rico's imports have grown from $10,955,813 in 1901, to $14,135,061 in 1904, and her exports, in the same period, from $10,472,270 to $17,043,932. Since 1898, her imports from the United States have increased from $1,404,009 to $11,934,000, and her exports to the States from $2,382,000 to $12,963,483. Since 1901, trade with the States (imports and exports) shows an increase of about $9,000,000. The bulk of Porto Rico's sales to us consists of sugar and cigars; in the list of products bought from us by the islanders the most prominent are cotton goods, iron and steel manufactures, flour, pork, lard, ham and lumber. —The proprietor of a stage line of automobiles between Camuy and Aguadilla (a gap of 27 miles in the railway system of Porto Rico) seeks an exclusive franchise for daily automobile service across the island from San Juan to Ponce, promising to use large machines, and to charge passengers only 5 cents a mile. His stages have not missed a day's service for a year, and none of his 7,442 passengers has been harmed. A stage carrying 18 persons has sometimes drawn a trailer with 1,500 pounds of mail over the hilly roads of his route. The time from San Juan to Ponce by public carriage is now 13 hours. He would make it 9 hours. San Juan's Chief of Police during the riots crossed the island to Ponce in 5 hours.

The Swedish-Norwegian Dispute

The controversy between Norway and Sweden on the question of a separate consular service has reached a crisis and in the present irritable temper of both parties no reconciliation seems possible. The Crown Prince Gustaf, who since February 8th has been acting as Regent, exerted his strongest influence to secure a compromise and in his address to the Mixed Council, representing the Swedish and Norwegian Governments, he requested them to negotiate an amicable arrangement for a separate consular service under a single Foreign Minister. The Norwegian Government, however, refused to agree to a renewal of the negotiations, for these had often been tried in the past and proved fruitless. Norway held that the right to a separate consular service belonged to her as a sovereign country prior to the union and was guaranteed by the constitution, and it was the determination of the Government to carry this into effect at once without waiting for the consent of Sweden and regardless of its effect upon the Union.

"In these circumstances the Norwegian Government find it advisable that no negotiations should be entered into regarding the Union until the establishment of a Norwegian consular service has been carried through. Only after this has taken place will the confidence necessary for friendly and fruitful negotiations regarding the delicate and difficult question of the Union be restored and the Government be able to advise the resumption of negotiations for regulating foreign affairs, diplomacy and the general conditions of the Union as established by the Riksakt. But these negotiations must in that case be entered into on a perfectly free basis, with full recognition of each country's sovereign rights without restriction or limitation of independence as in 1898, and Norway's proposal must be admitted that there may be a separate Norwegian and a separate Swedish Minister for Foreign Affairs appointed on such conditions as each of the two countries may severally determine. It must also be understood that if the negotiations lead to no result a return to the *status quo* and the present untenable condition of the Union is not to be the consequence, but each kingdom shall have the right to decide on the future forms of its national existence."

Accordingly a bill was passed by the Storthing providing that Norwegian Consuls-General, Consuls and Vice-Consuls, paid and unpaid, shall be appointed and placed under the direction of the Norwegian Government. The law is to take effect April 1st, 1906. The bill was

presented on May 27th to King Oscar, who resumed the throne on that date in order, it is said, to avoid burdening his successor with the odium resulting from the refusal of the Norwegian desires. The King declared that he could not assent to the law because the existing arrangement was established by a resolution of the Mixed Council and could only be disturbed by the Mixed Council. His love for both people impelled him to refuse his sanction. Each member of the Norwegian Cabinet personally urged the King to consent to it, and when it was seen that his resolution was unalterable they all presented their resignations. King Oscar declined to accept them, but the Ministers insisted on the ground that the King's veto of a unanimous decision of the Cabinet, voicing a pressing demand of the whole Norwegian people, was a violation of the constitution and invasion of the rights, independence and sovereignty of Norway. The Ministers refused to countersign a protocol of the proceedings. Under the constitution the King's veto is a limited one, and if the Norwegian Parliament passes the act twice more it will become a law without the King's signature. A separate consular service will involve a Norwegian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the only bond of union between the two countries would be the person of the King. The Norwegians seem willing to accept all the responsibilities of complete independence, and Dr. Sven Hedin, the great explorer, speaking for Sweden, declares that no effort will be made to keep Norway in the Union, nor, in the event of separation, will a single drop of Swedish blood be sacrificed to defend her from invasion by Russia or any other foreign Power.

Meningitis in Europe

New York is not alone in suffering from epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis this spring. In England, France, Germany, Austria and Russia the disease has been unusually prevalent and virulent. During the first three weeks of May there were in Prussia 1,935 cases and 994 deaths; in Silesia, 1,814 cases and 932 deaths. The greatest ravages have been among the soldiers in the barracks. The garrison in Essen was one of the first attacked, and the men going to their homes for the Easter vacation spread the disease throughout Westphalia. The soldiers were recalled. In 1837 a similar epidemic broke out among the soldiers in Bayonne, killing many. The soldiers who were dismissed to their home carried the contagion with them into the country, creating many local epidemics. No cure is known; hot baths and antispasmodics, such as chloral and sulfonal, are used as treatment.

In Russia

Ivan Kaleyev, who assassinated the Grand Duke Sergius in the Kremlin of Moscow February 17th, was hanged on the morning of May 23d. He consented to see a priest, but asked that it be officially recorded that he received him as a man, not as a priest. On the scaffold he said:

"It has been reported that I asked for pardon. That is a lie. I am faithful to the tradition of the People's Will. I do not ask any favor. I am glad to die."

The People's Will is the name of the revolutionary party with which he was formerly associated.—Riots of an unusual character occurred in the ghetto of Warsaw May 25th, 26th. The Bund, or Jewish Socialist Society, determined to rid the city of all the disreputable Jewish resorts which have been flourishing under police protection because of the blackmail they paid. Since it was impossible to abolish them legally the respectable Jews resolved to take the law into their own hands and wipe out this stigma on their race. The raid was conducted in a systematic manner. The houses marked for destruction were broken into and all the furniture and other property thrown into the street and smashed. The inmates were beaten, or, if they resisted, were shot. Ten or twenty persons were killed in the riots and a hundred wounded. Several hundred brothels, *cafés* and flats were gutted. Pianos, mirrors, costly furniture, works of art and jewelry were thrown from the windows and completely destroyed. No stealing was permitted. Some of the Gentile resorts were raided at the same time by bands of Gentile Socialists. The city officials looked on without interference, but on the afternoon of the second day troops were ordered to sup-

press the rioting. They fired upon the mob, wounding three persons.—In the Caucasus the race war between the Armenian Christians and Mohammedans has again broken out and in several villages there have been riots with considerable loss of life. Prince Nakashidze, who as Governor of Baku was popularly supposed to be responsible for the Baku massacres, was killed by a bomb thrown at his carriage. The officer in command of his Cossack guard and a bystander were also killed; the driver and others were injured.—The Chief of Police of Siedlce, a town 50 miles southeast of Warsaw, was mortally wounded by a bomb while he was sitting on the veranda of a clubhouse after the theater. The thrower of the bomb escaped. In Odessa the police discovered a bomb manufactory. Under the flagging of the cellar 137 nearly completed bombs were hidden. —The workmen in a private ammunition factory at Tala sent in a petition to the Ministry of Justice, saying that poor material was being used in the cartridges manufactured. The workmen struck rather than turn out such ammunition that would be useless or dangerous to the troops in Manchuria. The factory had secured a Government contract for 15,600,000 cartridges.—Many Poles are taking advantage of the Czar's recent ukase granting religious freedom and abolishing the religious disabilities of the Roman Catholics to throw off their nominal allegiance to the Orthodox Russian Church. In the Governments of Lublin and Siedlce 26,000 persons are reported to have deserted the Greek for the Roman Church in the past few weeks. In one village of 680 inhabitants, 678 changed to the Roman Catholic faith. This has so incensed and alarmed the authorities of the Orthodox Church that strong pressure is being brought to bear upon the Czar to put a stop to the movement.

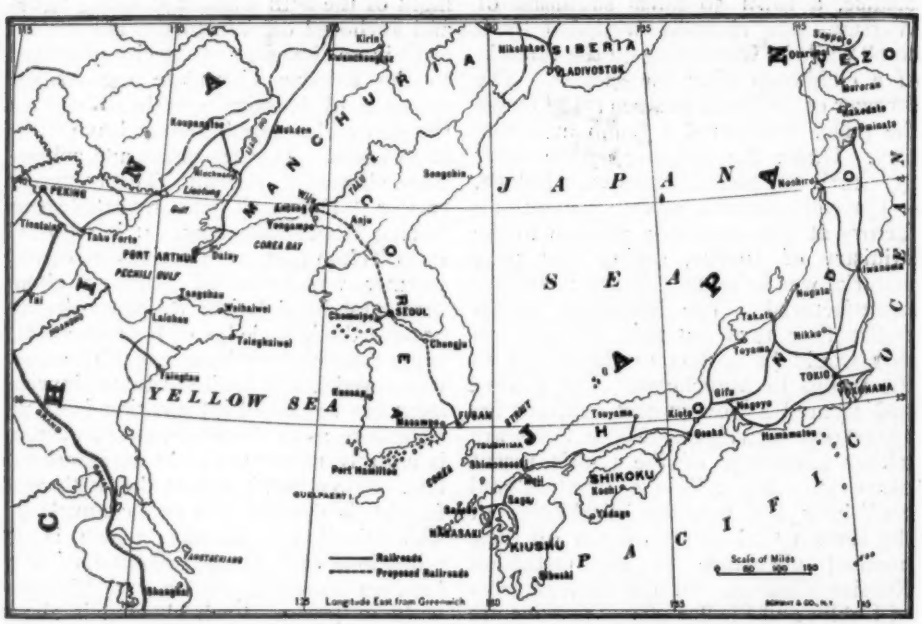
The Great Sea-Fight

The greatest naval engagement of the world's history was fought May 27th, 28th in the Korean Strait, near Tsushima, and the Russians were overwhelmingly defeated. The route taken by Admiral Rojestvensky after finally leaving the coast of French Indo-China, about May 16th, has not been clearly disclosed. On May 22d the Russian fleet is said to have coaled off the coast of Luzon, of the Philippines. Then it passed through Bashi Channel between Luzon and Formosa. On May 25th several of the transports and slower vessels appeared at Shanghai, having been detached from the main fleet, which continued on to the northeast, toward Korea Strait, after taking on some supplies from the boats awaiting it at Saddle Islands. Three of the volunteer vessels ascended the Yangtse-Kiang (Yangtse River) in the night of the 25th without showing lights and anchored off Wusung. The Taotai or Chinese Governor of the city protested to the Russian Consulate against the presence of Russian vessels of war in the port and ordered them to leave within 24 hours. The transports and colliers were allowed to remain. The volunteer cruiser "Dnieper" was reported near Barren Island May 29th. It is reported from Tokyo that an American merchant steamer was sunk off Formosa about May 21st by Admiral Rojestvensky, to prevent the knowledge of his movements being conveyed to the enemy. The crew was saved. The United States Government has requested information from St. Peterburg as to the affair, as such action is entirely unwarranted by international law. Korea Strait, where the battle was fought, is divided into two channels by Tsu Island (Tsushima), which is 37 miles long and situated about half way between Fusan in Korea and Shimonoseki in Japan. Each channel is about 25 miles wide. The invasion of the continent was begun here by the Japanese throwing troops across this strait into Korea at Fusan and Masampo, and here Admiral Togo's fleet has kept nearly all the time to protect this vital communication between the troops in Korea and Manchuria and their source of supplies in Japan. Here the Vladivostok squadron was attacked by Admiral Kamimura August 12th and the "Rurik" was sunk, and the "Gromoboi" and "Rossia" escaped to Vladivostok, where they have since remained. Admiral Rojestvensky, instead of attempting to dodge the Japanese fleet by making his way around Japan to Vladivostok, where he might have been shut in like the Port

Arthur fleet, determined to strike a blow at the center of the naval strength of Japan. The Russian ships approached Tsu Island in the night of Saturday, May 27th, under cover of a fog and were discovered early in the morning when the fog lifted. Admiral Togo attacked Saturday afternoon, the fighting continued Saturday night and Sunday, and resulted in the practical destruction of the Russian fleet. Two of the Russian battleships, the "Borodino" and the "Alexander III," were sunk and three battleships, while the Japanese had only four, and since modern naval opinion places the main dependence upon battleships the Japanese fleet was theoretically inferior, notwithstanding its numerous cruisers and torpedo boats.

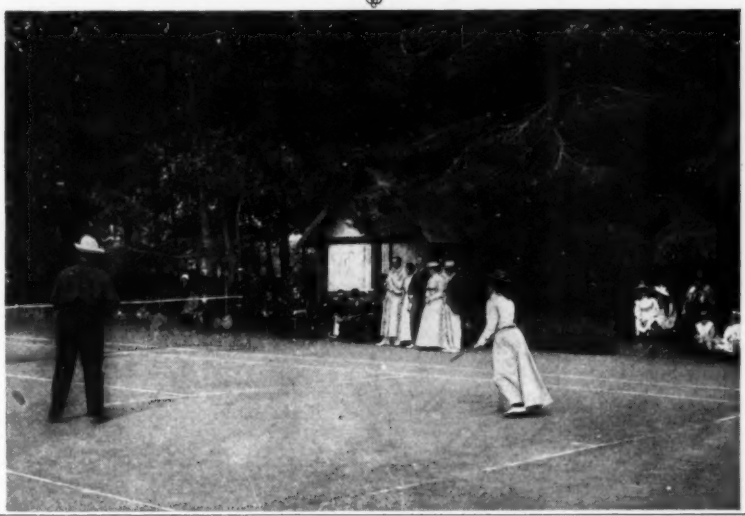
The Yacht Race

The Transatlantic Yacht Race, in which American, German and British sailing vessels competed, was won by the American yacht "Atlantic," which completed the course from Sandy Hook to the



others, the "Orel," the "Sissoy Veliky" and the "Nikolai I" were captured. The armored cruisers "Admiral Nakhimoff," "Dmitri Donskoy" and "Vladimir Monomach" and the protected cruisers "Svietlana" and "Jemtchug" were sunk. The Russian flagship, "Kniaz Suvaroff," was seriously damaged. Altogether nineteen of the Russian vessels were lost. Three thousand Russians were taken prisoners, among them Admiral Nebogatoff, who brought the last division of the Baltic squadron to the Pacific. Admiral Togo reports that the Japanese fleet escaped injury. The two fleets were nearly matched in nominal gun power, but the Russians had eight

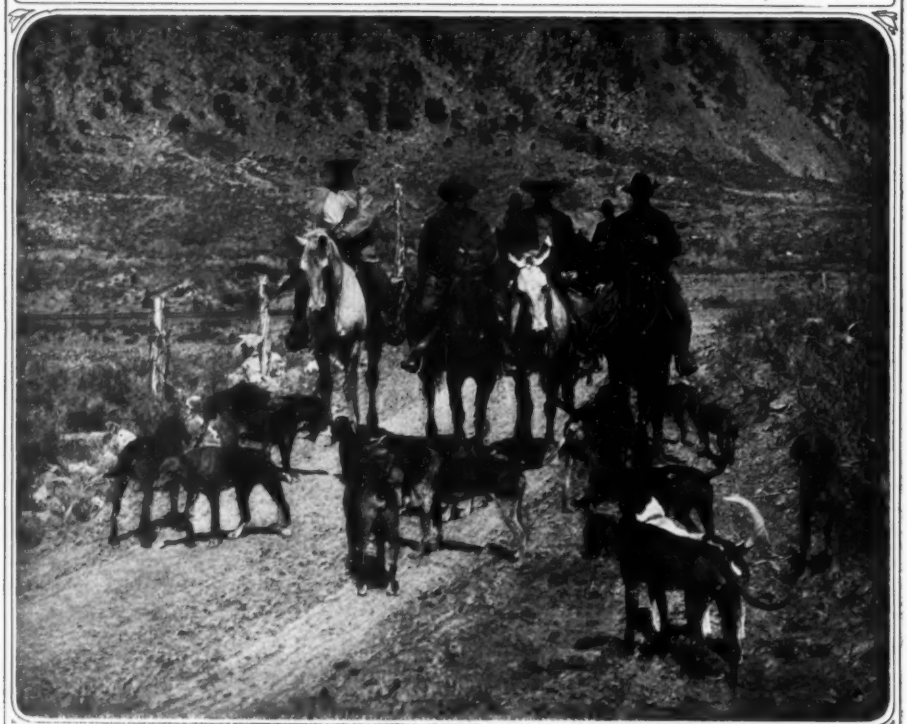
Lizard at 4 p.m. May 29th, thus making the time 12 days, 7 hours and breaking the record. The best previous record is 13 days, 20 hours and 36 minutes, made in 1891 by the "Endymion," which also competed in this race. The "Atlantic" was owned by Wilson Marshall, of the New York Yacht Club, and was sailed by Captain Barr, who in charge of the "Columbia" has twice defended the America's cups. The "Atlantic" is a three-masted auxiliary schooner and the newest of all the yachts entered. The Kaiser's Cup will, therefore, come to America, which still holds the international championship for either short or long distance racing.



The King of Portugal in the Tennis Court

Emperor William of Germany Boar Hunting

A Black Bear Cub



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The Strenuous Life in Colorado

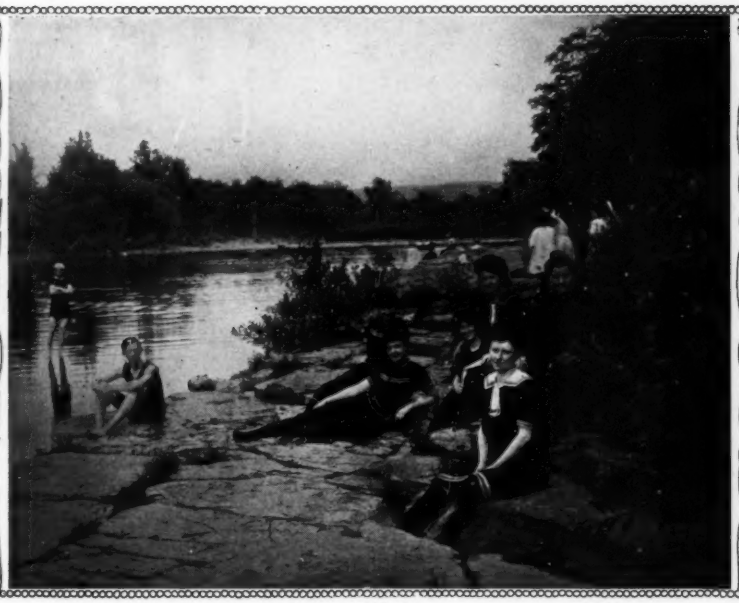
Ideal Fishing

A Morning's Catch in the Adirondacks

A Young Fisherman

Unloading the Catch, Massachusetts Coast

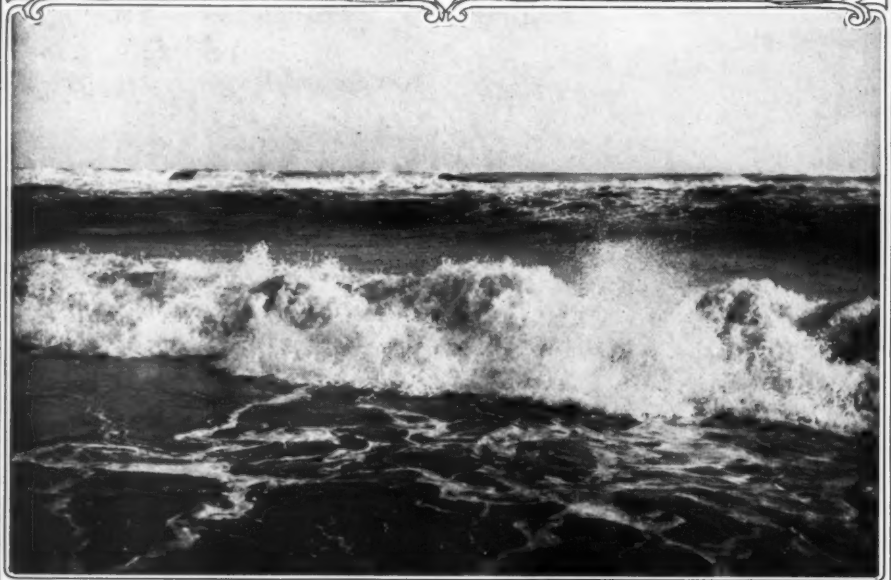
VACATION PICTURES



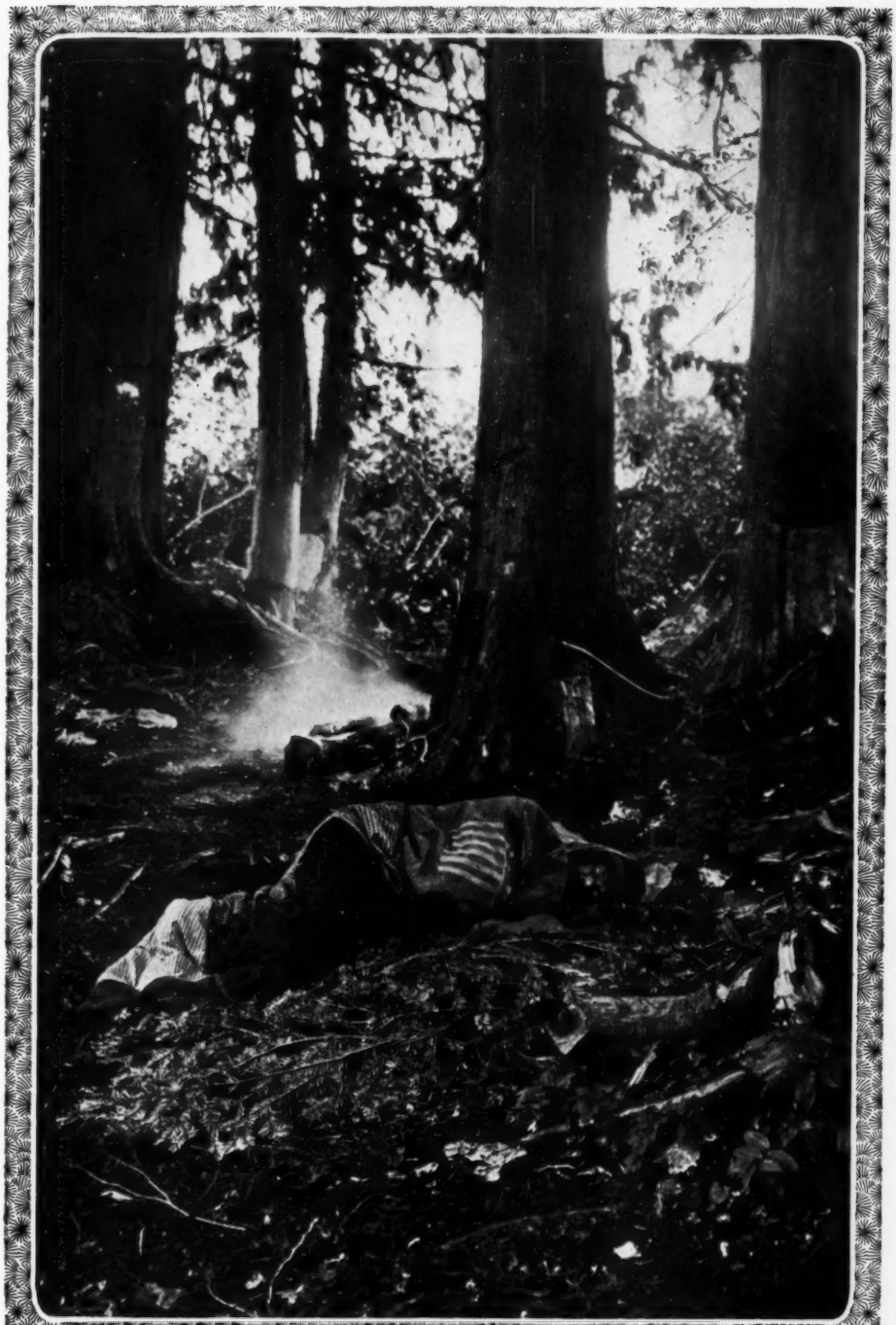
"Rocking"

The Boys' Brigade at the Mouth of the Norton River, East of Stamford, Conn.

On the Beach, Atlantic City



Breakers, Atlantic City



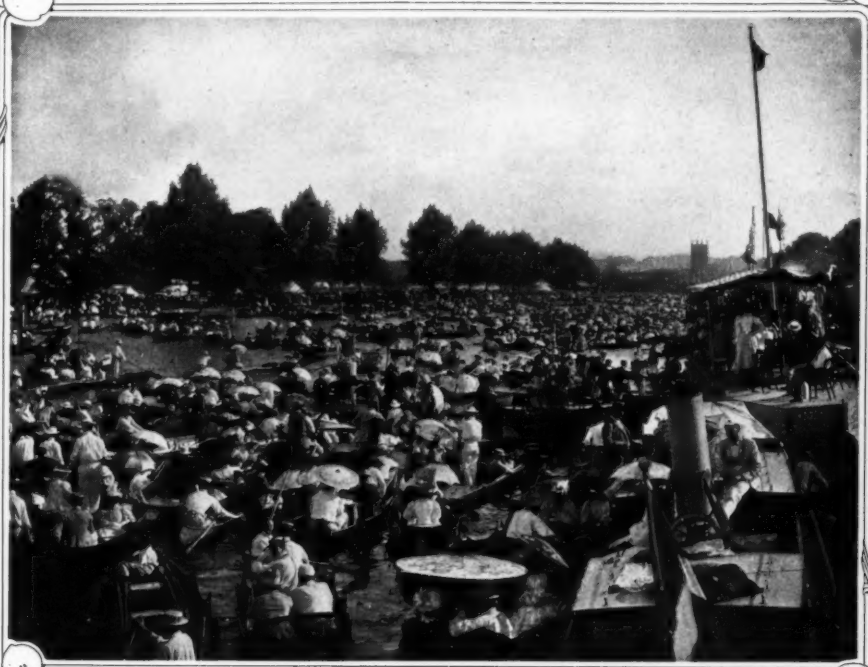
A Roofless Camp Among the Great Trees of California

Vacation Log Cabin in Connecticut

In the Adirondacks

VACATION PICTURES

Gathering Pond Lilies



The Thames River Just Before the College Races. House Boats at the Right

Spotted Fawn Among the Daisies, Showing Protective Coloration

Vacation Companions

Raccoons in Hollow Tree Trunk

A Young Raccoon Exercising on the Horizontal Bar

Vardon at Second Tee

Tennis Courts, Central Park, New York

Rabbit Shooting in an English Wood

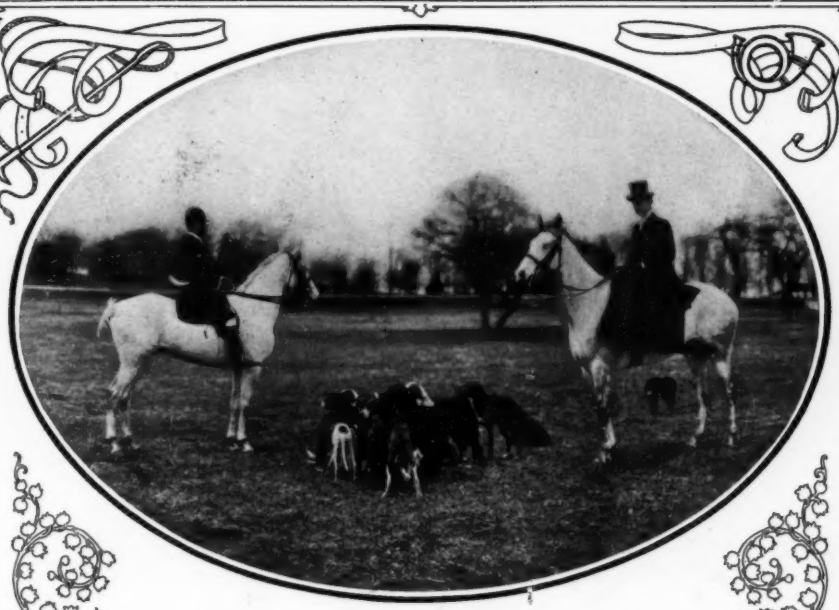
The Huntsman and Hounds of the Renfrew Hunt, Renfrewshire, Scotland

A Berkshire Elm

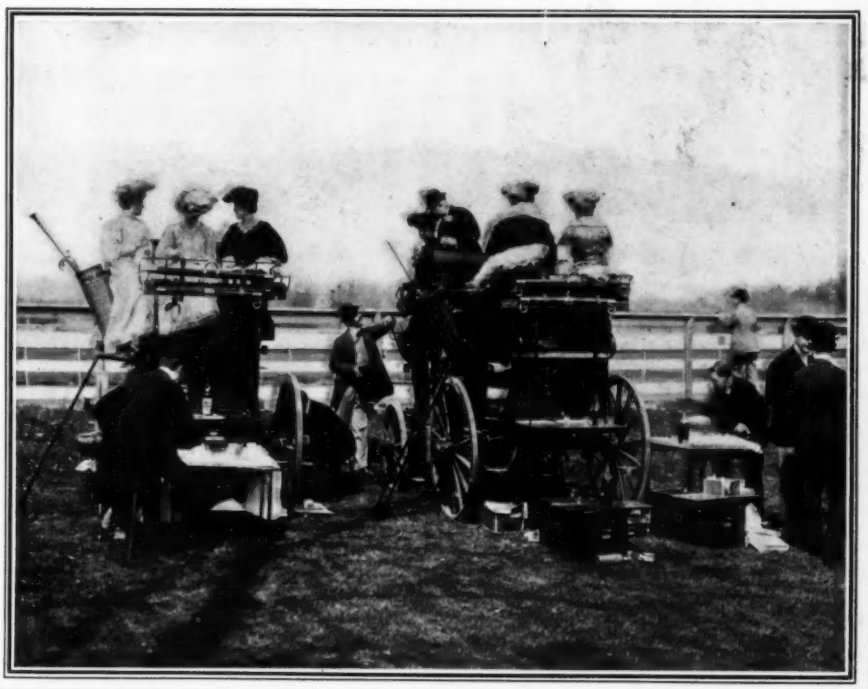
A New England Landscape

Needless Alarm

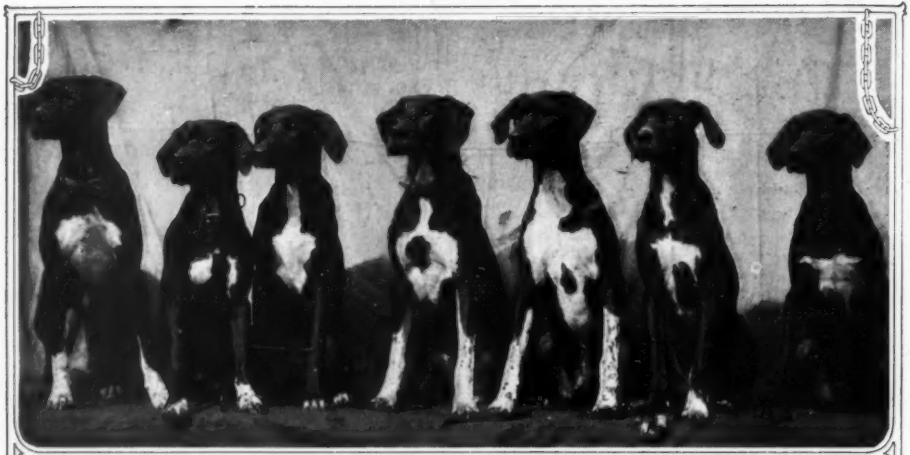
Apple Blossoms, Montrose, Mass.



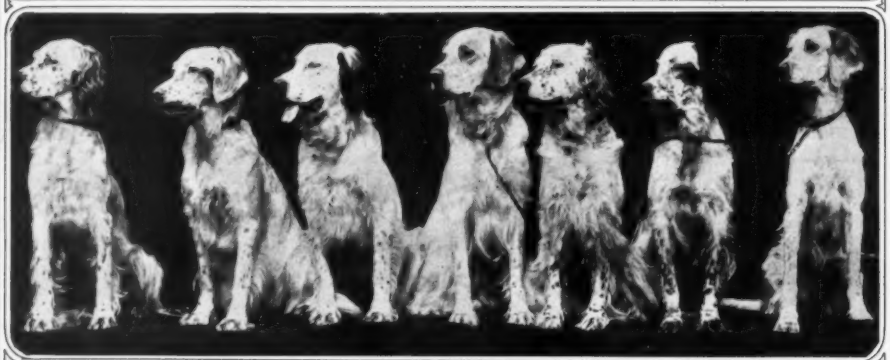
The Meet



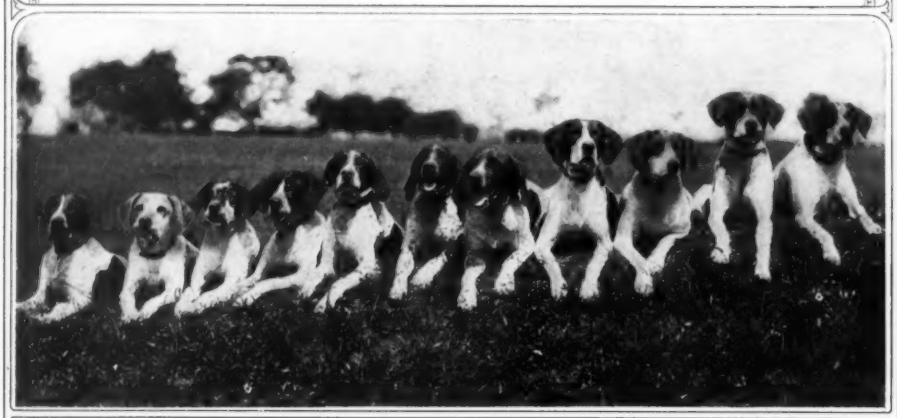
A Coaching Party Lunching



Black Pointers Owned by Charles Carlton Ford, Parish, N. Y.



English Setters of Myrtle Kennels, Owned by Harry R. Barry, White Plains, N. Y.



Top-Notch Pointers, Owned by Ancell H. Ball, New York

A WHITTIER IMPROMPTU.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

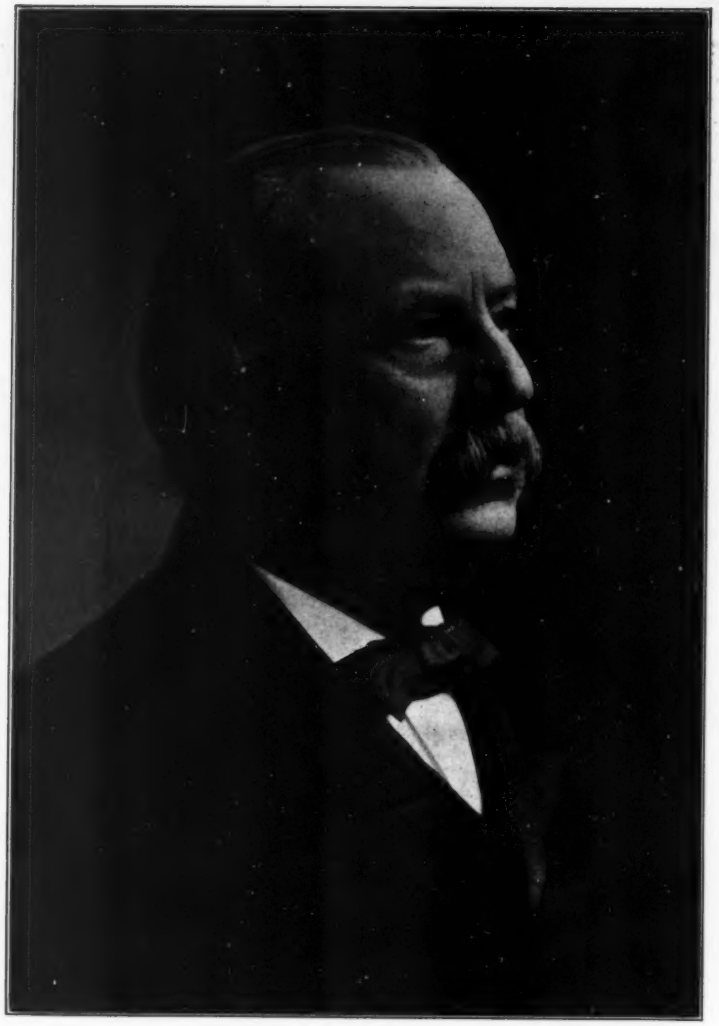
[A bevy of merry girls, daughters of Whittier's Amesbury neighbors, accompanied him on one of his summer visits to the Bearcamp region, at West Ossipee, N. H. Toward sunset, one day, they were seated on the bank of the river, and the young lady with the "quaint name" (Miss Jettie Morrill, the same young friend for whom Whittier wrote "The Henchman" and "The Voyage of the Jettie") asked Whittier to improvise a poem suggested by his surroundings. These lines were composed upon the spot, and I have them as repeated from memory by one of the party. They were never before in print.—SAMUEL T. PICKARD, Amesbury, Mass., May, 1905.]

The Bearcamp's pleasant banks upon,
I sit like gray Anacreon,
And, happy as the Greek of old,
I watch the sunset's paling gold,
And mark the change of mountain mist
From blush of rose to amethyst.

No chain of roses 'round my head,
But smiles of merry girls instead;
For Samian wine from flagons poured,
I've sweetmeats from the private hoard
Of one to whom is fitly given
The sweetest name of earth or heaven;

And of one other, young as yet,
And fair as spring's first violet;
And one whose quaint name half belies
Her fair brown hair and soft blue eyes,
So ringed about with laughing youth,
I quite forget my gray hairs' truth.

The shadow of my life's long date
Runs backward on Time's dial-plate;
I feel as when my youth began—
The boy still lives within the man.
I count myself like yonder tree,
  By many winters mossed and worn,
Girt by its goodly company
  Of flowers, and so not all forlorn.



Grover Cleveland May 20. 1905

A Word Concerning Rabbit Hunting

BY GROVER CLEVELAND

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

BECAUSE rabbit shooting is seasonable only in late fall or winter weather the mention of it is calculated to suggest shivering chills, cold feet, numb fingers and all sorts of heavy clothing. At first blush, therefore, it may not seem to be exactly an appropriate topic to be given a place in a magazine designed for midsummer reading. On second thought, however, I hope it will not be deemed amiss that the torridity of such a magazine should be tempered by a cooling admixture hinting of recreation free from dog-day swelter, and reminding the reader that a season is on its way which brings with it outdoor sport exempt from summer heat and unvexed "by the stings and arrows of outrageous" gnats, flies or mosquitoes. It is quite within reason to suppose that the addition of rabbit hunting to the ingredients that simmer in summer recreative reading might be as refreshing as the addition of ice to an otherwise tepid summer tipple.

Some hunters there are, of the superrefined and dudish sort, who deny to the rabbit any position among legitimate game animals; and there are others who, while grudgingly admitting rabbits to the list, seem to think it necessary to excuse their concession by calling them hares. I regard all this as pure affectation and nonsense. I deem it not beneath my dignity and standing as a reputable gunner to write of the rabbit as an entirely suitable member of the game community; and in doing so I am not dealing with hares or any other thing except plain, little, every day plebeian rabbits—sometimes appropriately called "cotton-tails." Tho they may be "defamed by every charlatan" among hunters of self-constituted high degree, and despised by thousands who know nothing of their game qualities, I am not ashamed of their pursuit; and I count it by no means bad skill to force them by a successful shot to a topsy-turvy pause when at their best speed.

These sly little fellows feed at night, and during the day they hide so closely in grass or among rocks and brush that it is seldom they can be seen when at rest. Of course, no decent man will shoot a rabbit while sitting, and I have known them to refuse to start for anything less than a kick or punch. When they do start, however, they demonstrate quite clearly that they have kept their feet in the best possible position for a spring and run. After such a start the rabbit must in fairness be given an abundant chance to gain full headway, and when he has traversed the necessary distance for this, and is at his fastest gait, the hunter that shoots him has good reason to be satisfied with his marksmanship. I once actually poked one up and he escaped unhurt, tho four loads of shot were sent after him.

In the main, however, dogs must be relied upon for the real enjoyment and success of rabbit hunting. The fastest dogs are not the best, because they are apt to chase the rabbit so swiftly and closely that he quickly betakes himself to a hole or other safe shelter, instead of relying upon his running ability. The baying of three or four good dogs steadily following a little cotton-tail should be as exhilarating and as pleasant to ears attuned to the music as if the chase were for bigger game. As the music is heard more distinctly, the hunter is allowed to flatter himself that his acute judgment can determine the route of the approaching game and the precise point from which an advantageous shot can be secured. The self-satisfied conceit aroused by a fortunate guess concerning this important detail, especially if supplemented

Mr. Cleveland Leaving "Westland," His Princeton Home, with His Nearest Neighbor, the Late Colonel Samuel W. Stockton, for a Day's Shooting

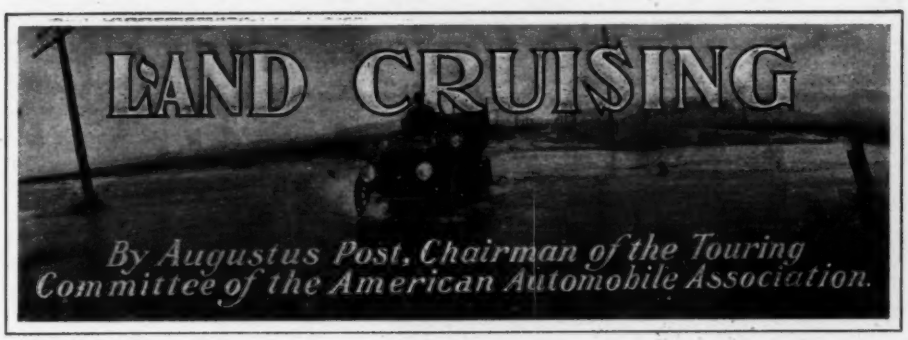
by a fatal shot, should permit the lucky gunner to enjoy as fully the complacent pleasurable persuasion that the entire achievement is due to his sagacity, keenness and skill as tho the animal circumvented were a larger beast. In either case the hunter experiences the delight born of a well-fed sense of superiority and self-pride; and this, notwithstanding all attempts to keep it in the background, is the most gratifying factor in every sporting indulgence.

Some people speak slightingly of the rabbit's eating qualities. This must be an abject surrender to fad or fashion. At any rate it is exceedingly unjust to the cotton-tail; and one who can relish tender chicken and refuse to eat a nicely cooked rabbit is, I believe, a victim of unfounded prejudices.

Why, then, should not rabbit hunting, when honorably pursued, be given a respectable place among gunning activities? It certainly has every element of rational outdoor recreation. It ministers to the most exhilarating and healthful exercise; it furnishes saving relief from care and overwork; it is free from wantonness and inexcusable destruction of animal life, and, if luck favors, it gives play to innocent but gratifying self-conceit.

Let us remember, however, that if rabbit hunting is to be a manly outdoor recreation, entirely free from meanness, and a sport in which a true hunter can indulge without shame, the little cotton-tail must in all circumstances be given a fair chance for his life.

WESTLAND, PRINCETON, N. J.

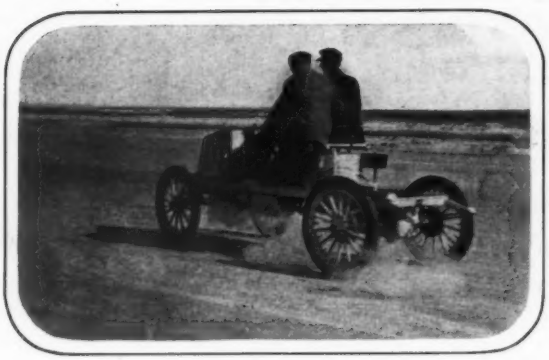


WHEN one goes cruising on his own yacht his joys are varied as he can pass from point to point, running in at this bay or that river, visiting this, that or the other city, and stepping ashore to get the feel of the land again.

But still there is a great deal of monotony in yachting. Practically the scenery is always the same. Far as the sight stretches to-day is the sea that rolled about one yesterday, with the line of the horizon as its only boundary. Matters of interest are few and one learns nothing new about the world and its people.

Not so with land cruising in an automobile, or touring, as it is called. The scenes are constantly changing as the car flies along. Now the country is hilly, now gently rolling, and again, flat, with all the fields of growing things, backed by the woods, spread out in panorama. One gets very close to nature, and to him

Augustus Post, Land Cruising



Mr. Jay and Mr. Post on a Fifteen Horse-Power Car with a Record of Fifty-one Seconds

she displays all her wonders and beauties. He has the power of the bird to swoop and soar and observe, with the mind of the man to speculate and understand.

Towns, villages, cities appear and disappear, all busy with their little affairs, each thinking that its own personal hum is the voice of the world. The land cruiser sees a deal of human nature.

Close to the cities, where automobiles are common, some of the manifestations are apt to be unpleasant as the honest rustics of the constabulary and the local bench, being ingenious and thrifty, sometimes seek to turn touring into a commodity for their marketing. Thus they station men at intervals with stop watches, hiding them behind trees. The automobilist is forced to stop on account of a furniture van pulled across a narrow road, or some such obstruction, and he finds himself in the hands of—well, call them tax-gatherers.

There are the constable and assistant constable and some deputy constables, all honorable men and horny handed sons of toil, with their testimony carefully rehearsed; and from some shady nook, hard by, they produce the venerable justice of the peace, dispenser of the laws, who holds his court beneath the spreading greenwood tree and fines the automobilist enough to make the day's work profitable for all hands except the man who pays.

It is a scene of sweet arcadian beauty and the glimpses of human nature displayed by the ruralists in pursuit of the dollars go far to compensate a tourist whose temperament is properly philosophic. From ten to twenty-five dollars is the usual price of admission, for, as the venerable gentleman who presides on the imaginary bench declares:

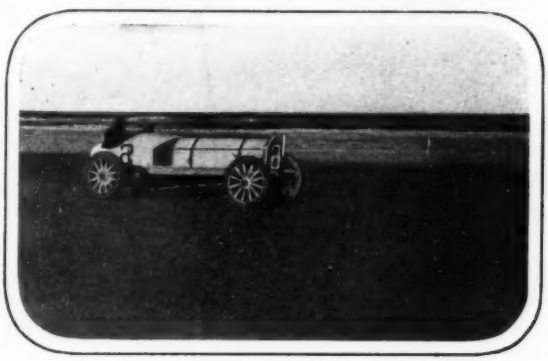
"By gum, these here city fellers hes got ter unnerstan' thet they can't do no skyhootin' thro' our taown. No, sir!"

But such adventures as these are only met with on the outskirts of the big cities, in shoal water, as one might say.

When one cruises out into the blue water of the real ocean of country he finds no such set traps, and the authorities are not seeking to exploit him.

There are, of course, two sides to the question of automobilists' fines. Automobilists in the past have broken laws, done damage and cost lives by their recklessness; but at the present time I believe they are more often sinned against than sinning. The ruralists imagine that the man who has an automobile must naturally be rich enough to stand a squeeze, so they gather him in as a part of the season's crop.

It is not only the constables and the justices who in some instances seek to flourish at the expense of the folks who travel in the new fangled machines. Mine jovial host of the wayside inn is of the same mind and is apt to bite hard



Bodin's Car, Which Made a Mile in Thirty-two and Two-fifths Seconds

if given the opportunity. A horse, which eats oats and hay, can secure board and lodging for the night for 50 cents, while the automobile, which carries its own provision, must pay $1. The charges for towing an automobile are also very high.

However, all this is only in the neighborhood of the cities, and it is growing less and less pronounced every year, as the newness wears off the machines and people come to recognize them as ordinary vehicles entitled to ordinary treatment.

Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Macdonald on the Point of Starting in a Race

Out in the blue waters of the country ocean, where automobiles are rare, the inns hail them as benefactors, as their drawing power is equal to a small circus. The inhabitants come in crowds, and the stimulation of their cerebral activities caused by examination of the machine and consideration of its qualities develops thirst which the alert landlord coins into good, hard money.

One can always tell when he is in a new district by the actions of the horses. If he sees a horse standing on his hind legs, biting the atmosphere and making wigwag signals with his forefeet, he can be sure that that horse is not sophisticated. There's only one thing to do if the tourist has a companion, he must stop the car, jump out and seize the horse by the head. If he waits for the farmer to wake up the horse will climb a tree or fly over the fence.

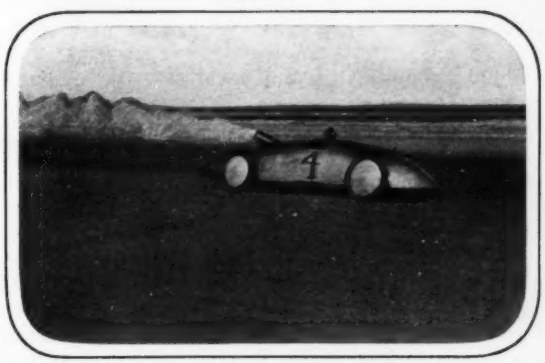
All horses not well acquainted with automobiles think them uncanny, and, under the influence of superstition, will do desperate things. If formally introduced to a quiet machine and allowed to smell and examine it at their leisure horses soon grow tolerant and finally *blasé*, tho I don't know why the smell of gasoline should be reassuring.

One very good touring route is from New York along the Boston Post Road, which runs for a long distance beside the Sound, and then through New Haven to Springfield and Boston. From there you can go to Marblehead, Portsmouth, etc., and on through Crawford Notch to the White Mountains.

The scenery is varied and glorious, the roads are of the best, while the wayside inns are good and comfortable.

This is the route of the tour of the American Automobile Association for the Glidden Touring Trophy. Contestants will probably start about July 11th, visiting Mount Washington Hotel and being present at the Mount Washington hill climbing events, which will be held this year about the same days as the events last year, when some of the cars made the eight-mile climb up the average grade of 18 per cent. in less than twenty-six minutes.

This White Mountain district is most picturesque and offers excellent chances



Ross Steamer with a Mile Record of Thirty-eight Seconds

A Couple of Touring Cars Going Down a Gentle Hill

for adventure. Some of the hills are steep, but not dangerous. There are difficulties enough, however, to lend spice to the trip.

In returning from this locality one may come through Franconian Notch and down the charming Connecticut Valley, or through Concord, Nashua and Worcester, Mass., back to the line of the Boston Post Road again.

Following west through Springfield to Pittsfield, Mass., one arrives on the most beautiful point of the Berkshire Hills, a region of fine landscapes, well appointed houses and very good roads. A short run can be taken through Lenox, Stockbridge and Great Barrington down to Poughkeepsie, after which one can follow the lovely Hudson River Valley back to New York.

This is one of the best tours for a good time, fine accommodation and pure enjoyment.

If one desires something more ambitious or wishes to go west he can run across the State of New York by the New York Central route, through Albany, Utica, Syracuse, along the lake shore even as far as Cleveland, Toledo or Chicago.

Another very alluring route passes through the Catskill Mountains, proceeding directly west from Kingston by the Grand Hotel to Binghamton, and from there going through a fine agricultural country in the western part of New York State, and joining as a finality the northern or the New York Central road at Batavia.

Long Island, of course, as every one knows, is the best locality for a few days' touring. One can skim the south shore going and the north shore coming back, with beautiful scenery, good roads and satisfactory hotels everywhere.

New Jersey also has many attractions to offer. Tourists from New York go out to New Brunswick and there take the famous Rumsen road to the shore and along to Point Pleasant, Lakewood and even as far as Atlantic City. Many tourists reach this locality by coming from Philadelphia over White Horse Pike.

The National Highway, built after the defeat of Braddock, which leads west through Hagerstown and Cumberland to Wheeling on the Ohio River, is also very attractive as well as historic.

Over this road, first built by the British and the Colonists, flowed the great stream of settlers 160 years ago. English, Irish, Scotch and Americans with their families crossed the Allegheny Mountains by means of this highway and pre-empted the lands beyond, into which the French were then moving. Relics of those old days are common along the route. The old inns still stand there with their immense chimneys and fireplaces, almost big enough to take a cord of wood at a time. Old milestones and sundials speak eloquently of the past.

Going west from Wheeling one crosses the foothills and emerges on the plains, where the farming country is unsurpassed. The road here was built through the States of Ohio and Indiana by money obtained from the sale of public lands as provided for when they received their charters as States, 5 per cent. being set aside for this purpose.

The road down the Shenandoah Valley is well known to bicyclists, but less explored by the automobilist. In the early spring or late fall the blossoms on the trees or the turning leaves make scenes of rare beauty all the way from Winchester and Lexington as far as Natural Bridge. Like all the Southern roads, one here finds this was constructed after the old method—the builders laid the stones and waited for travel to beat them in and make the bed smooth. Some of these roads have very solid foundations, they have at intervals what are called "water breakers" or "bars," known in the North as "thank-you-ma'ams," which are very annoying and liable to break your springs if taken too fast.

If one can overcome the difficulties of the Southern highways he can find many attractive places in the South. Ormond Beach, Florida, is a bit of paradise for

Hill Climbing

New York Central route, through Al- Pike.

the autoist. During last winter the fastest mile ever made by a vehicle going under its own power was made there by H. W. Bowden, of Boston, with a machine which he runs by joining two 60 horse-power Mercedes motors. He went the mile in 32 2-5 seconds, but was not allowed a record as his machine was overweight.

Florida likewise offers attractions for the winter tourist and he will do well also to cross to Cuba with his machine. In Cuba he will find glorious roads, hard white and smooth running through avenues of palms. France itself would be hard put to it to surpass the excellence of some Cuban roads, which are a legacy from the departed Spaniards.

As to the question of what machine is best for the tourist the answer to that must be that it depends on the tourist. Different tourists have different wants.

For luxury and speed it is almost everywhere admitted that the foreign built machines are the best at the present time, as well as the highest priced. Among American machines are models well adapted for touring, and perhaps that give the buyer more for his money than he gets elsewhere. As far as reliability goes there are American machines that I think will stand all tests as well as any. For traveling over a rough road the White steam car, for instance, ranks very high. Electric cars are more suited to the city and immediate suburbs.

Some high powered gasoline cars are well calculated for touring, and are comfortable with four or five in the party, but I strongly advise against overloading any car and warn the tourist to be quite sure that he has a place for everything and all the articles he requires, otherwise there will be great discomfort.

The pleasure of a party is much enhanced if they can dispense with a chaffeur. It is well to provide warm and waterproof clothing and chains for the wheels, to prevent skidding. Extra tires must be carried, of course, and two jacks are better than one, because when you have the machine raised on one jack you can slip the other under and raise it still more. The bravest tourists can dispense with canopied tops, altho if the road's smooth and ladies are in the party they are of great convenience.

Another thing needed is a camera, for one sees plenty that he desires to preserve, and he should also have as a chart a route-card, showing the towns through which he will go, their distance from each other and from the starting point. He should if possible also report the tour to some organization or periodical.

The Touring Committee of the American Automobile Association have a great deal of information to impart to the tourists. They contemplate issuing maps for the benefit of their members and friends, and are glad to assist them. Motorists will find that by consulting the committee they will be able to make the tour without much difficulty.

Accidents will happen, of course, but they need not be a source of displeasure. A person can have a great deal of enjoyment repairing a machine, provided it is well made and he successfully overcomes the difficulty. There is much pleasure in getting it just right. An accident should not be dreaded, but accepted as part of the tour. There is a deeper pleasure, a more lasting sense of gratification, at accomplishing some difficult undertaking, even tho it entails some hard work. After it is all over one is glad to look back and to go over again the experience and feel that part of life had been lost if the event had been omitted.

The motorist should remember always to slow up when coming to a crossroad. No one can tell what's around the corner. The greatest danger is from other cars, which at times certainly do come whizzing by.

Some idea of the way in which the sport of automobiling is progressing in this country may be gained from the figures of the manufacturers. There are now about 17,000 licenses issued in New York State alone, and something like 75,000 have been made in this country. Last year 25,000 machines were made and this year 30,000 are being made.

I will make one last suggestion: When out in the country always check information received by questioning the next man you meet. Ask him as to the road you are on and how far it is to the town you are making for; distances are especially deceptive.

Don't be afraid of asking three or four people the same question and check-

ing one by the other, for in the rural regions the wits think it prime fun to misdirect, and if you neglect precautions you may find yourself, when the shades of night are falling, sitting humped up in your machine fifty miles from anywhere, not knowing which way to go and using language not to be found in any of the sacred writings, while your soul writhes at the bitter thought that far, far away on his humble cot a pie-faced rustic is gloating over his own cleverness in "taking a rise out of that there city feller."

NEW YORK, May 3, 1905.

The Pleasures of Ballooning

BY A. SANTOS-DUMONT

[The interest taken all over the world in ballooning as a sport is largely due to M. Santos-Dumont's daring and successful experiments in the management of motor dirigible balloons. The following article is copyrighted in Great Britain and other countries signatory to the Berne Convention, and all rights are reserved.—EDITOR.]

I SHALL never forget the unalloyed pleasures of my first balloon ascension. Tho scarcely more than a youth, I had long dreamed of the adventure, because in those days, before the founding of the Aero Club, it *was* an adventure, even in Paris. Everything was still in the hands of the professional aeronauts; and its was with one of the kindest and best of these, the late M. Machuron, that I was to make my initiation. Today even ladies of Paris society, like the young Duchesse d'Uzes, think nothing of starting off from the Parc de Saint-Cloud for an afternoon floating over the map of France.

It was a beautiful morning in late spring. The basket rocked coquettishly beneath the immense sphere. I stood in my corner and heard the last word given: "Let go all!"

The wind ceased. All seemed instantly motionless around us. We were off, without feeling it, at the speed of the air current in which we must live and move and have all our sensations, without having any sensation of its existence! Infinitely gentle is the unfelt movement upward and onward; the illusion is complete; it seems to be not we who move, but the earth itself that is sinking down and away from us!

M. Santos-Dumont in the Car of His Airship

In the emptiness that had already opened 1,500 yards below us, almost before I could realize it, the earth looked no longer the same. No, it did *not* look like an orange flattened at the Poles—we were not far enough away for *that;* but, by a phenomenon of refraction it showed concave like a bowl, the effect being to lift up constantly to the aeronaut's eye the circle of the horizon.

Villages and woods, chateaux and gardens slip and glide far, far below. Faint piercing sounds,

like locomotive whistles and the yelping of stray dogs, are the only ones which penetrate to us. The human voice cannot mount up to these solitudes. Human beings look like ants along white lines that are highways.

While my gaze was still held fascinated a cloud masked the sun. It cooled the gas of our balloon, which obviously wrinkled and began descending, gently at first and then with accelerated speed, against which we struggled by throwing out ballast. Yes, I was frightened. I did not *feel* myself falling, but I could *see* the earth coming swiftly up to us; and I knew what that meant!

It was an idle emotion. A few pounds of ballast overboard not only stopped the mad career of the earth in our direction, but sent it down, down, down again away from us, and we found our equilibrium, this time above a plateau of clouds at about 3,000 yards. It was a wonderful sight. On the dazzling white cloud screen below us the sun cast shadows of the balloon and ourselves, magnified to giant size; and this in the exact center of a magnificent rainbow.

As we could no longer see the earth by reason of this cloud screen, all sight sensation, even of movement, ceased. Were we standing still? Were we traveling at storm speed? We knew nothing. To learn the direction we were taking we had to drop below the clouds.

At the moment we began to see the earth again a gay peal of bells mounted up to us. It was the noon Angelus from some village belfry. I had brought up a little *panier* of hard boiled eggs, cold meats, cheese, ice cream, fruits, cakes, champagne, coffee and liquors, and I now experienced how delightful it is to lunch above the clouds in the *nacelle* of a spherical balloon.

No earthly dining room could possibly have such a decoration. The sun's heat sets the clouds in ebullition, making them throw up rainbow jets of frozen vapor like fireworks all around the table. Lace-like spangles of the most delicate ice formation scatter themselves here and there, appearing out of nothing, and film-like flakes pop into existence under our very eyes, in our very drinking glasses.

Then, suddenly, all changed like the trick in the pantomime; and a somber drop scene fell on the fairy scene of sunlight, cloud billows and azure. The barometer rose rapidly 5 millimeters, showing a sudden rupture of equilibrium and a swift descent. Doubtless the balloon had become overweighed with some pounds of snow, and it was certainly falling into a cloud.

We passed into the dim darkness of the fog. We still saw our basket, instruments and the parts of the rigging nearest us; but the balloon had completely disappeared. So we had the strange and delightful sensation of hanging in the void without support, either above or below; of having lost our weight; of being nowhere! Really, it was strange beyond description.

We slackened the fall, as usual, by throwing out ballast, and came to equilibrium far, far below the clouds at scarcely more than 300 yards altitude. A village fled beneath us. We were scudding fast. We compared our route map with the immense natural map unfolding below us, and soon we could identify roads, railways, villages and forests—all hurrying toward us from the horizon with the swiftness of the wind itself.

The storm which had sent us down marked a change in the weather. Little gusts pushed the balloon from one side to the other and up and down. Again, and again the guide rope, dangling 100 yards below our basket, touched earth; and soon even the basket began to graze the tops of trees.

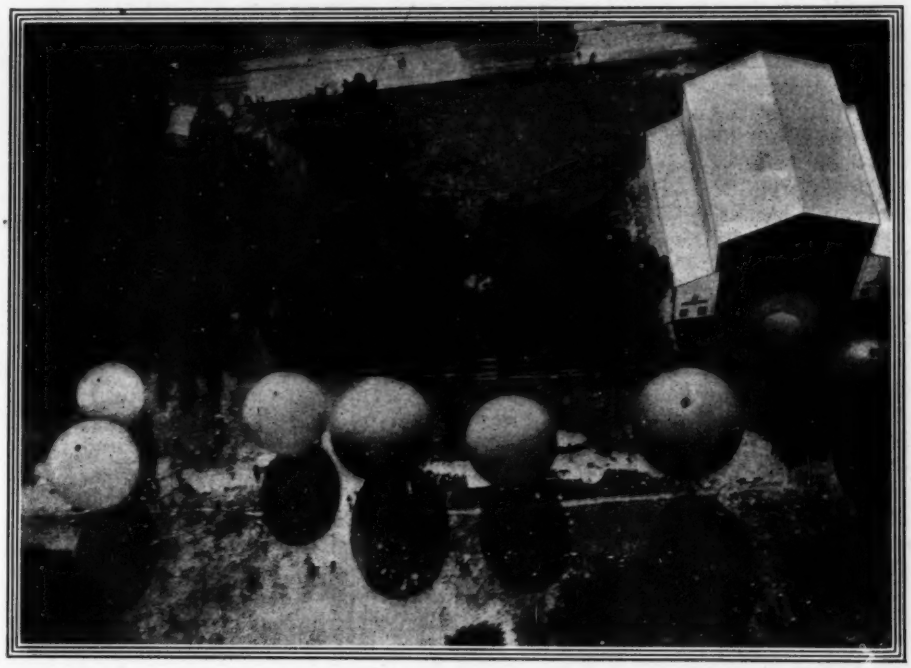
What is called "guide roping" thus began for me. M. Machuron and I each held a sack of ballast, and when some special obstacle rose in our path—a tree or house—one of us would throw out a few handfuls of sand, to make the balloon leap up and pass over it. More than half the guide rope dragged behind us, and so we scudded comparatively close to earth at a wonderfully even altitude.

But shortly, as we passed over a little group of trees, a shock threw us backward into the basket. The balloon had stopped short and was swaying in the gusts at the end of its guide rope, which had curled itself around the head of an oak. For fifteen minutes it kept us shak-

ing tremendously, and it was only by throwing out a quantity of ballast that we were able to get ourselves loose. The lightened balloon immediately made a terrifying leap upward, piercing some low clouds like a cannon ball.

That was a sensation. We were still shooting up, up; and it was time to have recourse to effective means, to open the maneuver valve and let out a portion of our gas. It was done in a moment. The balloon began descending again, until its guide rope again dragged on the ground. There was nothing but to bring the trip to an end, because only a little sand remained in the ballast bags.

I watched my captain's maneuvers. He who would navigate an airship should first practice landing in a spherical balloon, take my word for it. The wind being strong enough, it was necessary to seek shelter for this last crowning act of air-captainship. A corner of the forest of Fontainebleau was coming toward us. We turned the extremity of the wood, sacrificing our last ounce of ballast. Here the trees protected us from the violence of the wind, and we cast anchor, at the same time opening wide the emergency valve for the wholesale escape of the gas. And so we landed—plump!—without dragging, and stood watching the balloon die. It was almost a pitiful sight. Sprawling in the field, it was losing the remains of its gas in convulsive movements, like a great bird that dies beating its wings. Then we packed the silk envelope, anchor, rope and utensils in the basket and hired a man to haul it to the nearest railway station.



Photograph of Inflated Balloons Ready for the Ascent in the Aeronautical Park, Paris, Taken from a Balloon 200 Meters Above

After two more such personally conducted trips, in which I sought to do all the maneuvering with my own hands under M. Machuron's kind instruction, I ventured in a spherical balloon, and during this early period I made very many trips, landing in all parts of France. Often they were prolonged into the night; and no sporting sensations are more diversified and agreeable than those of night ballooning. One is alone in the black void—yes, in a murky limbo; but one seems to float there without weight, without dimensions, without a surround-

ing world—a soul freed from the trammels of matter!

Now and again there come the lights of earth to cheer you. You see a point far below ahead. It slowly expands, until where there came to be a blaze there are countless bright spots. They run in lines, with here and there a cluster. It is a city.

Then it is out again over the lone land. When the moon rises you see, perhaps, a faint curling line of gray. It is a river, with moonlight or starlight falling on its waters. There comes a flash and a faint roar; it is a railway train, the locomotive's fires illuminating for a moment its smoke as it rises. Then you throw out ballast and rise through the dank black clouds to a soul-lifting burst of starlight. And there, alone with the constellations, you await the dawn.

When the dawn comes, red and gold and purple, one is almost loath to seek the cheery, busy earth again, altho the novelty of landing in who knows what part of Europe affords still another unique pleasure. For many the greatest charm of spherical ballooning lies here. The spherical balloonist becomes an explorer. Are you young? Would you roam and tempt adventures? And are you tied down? You may still penetrate the unknown and deal with the unexpected. Take to spherical ballooning, as do the youth and beauty of the Paris Aero Club. At noon you lunch peaceably with your family. At 2 p.m. you dart into the air; ten minutes later you are no longer a commonplace, law-abiding citizen. You are an explorer in unknown seas of light!

You know but vaguely where you are, and you do *not* know where you are going to bring up. Something depends on your skill and experience. The choice of altitude and air currents is yours, but when the moment comes to land you have the true explorer's zest of coming on unknown peoples, who are not expecting you—a god from a machine!

"What country is this?" Will the answer come in French, German, Italian, Norwegian, or even Russian? Paris Aero Club members have actually been shot at crossing European frontiers.

Yes, the air is still for most people an unknown element; and I who know it remain astonished at the world of different sensations one experiences in it as one goes as a spherical or dirigible balloonist. The realization of this wonderful difference flashed on me, at a moment I recall well, as I was steering a straight, swift course along the Mediterranean coast in my No. 6 during the memorable winter of 1902.

I was by this time an experienced dirigible balloon captain—it was the winter following my winning of the Deutsch Prize in Paris; I had no task to perform, nothing to prove, and I could give myself up to the pleasures of aerial navigation in by far the swiftest airship I had yet constructed. As I steered my course I remember saying to myself:

"How different are these from the sensations of the spherical balloonist! It is true that he has the earth flying backward beneath him at a great speed, but he knows that he is powerless. The sphere of gas above him is the plaything of the air current in which it finds itself; and he cannot change its direction."

In my dirigible balloon I could see myself flying over the sea, and I had my hand on a helm that made me master of my direction in the splendid course I was making. Once or twice, to test the power, without other motive, I shoved the helm around, while going at full speed. Delightfully obedient, the airship's helm swung to the other side, and I was speeding in a new diagonal course that would have brought me to shore in a few minutes had I continued it. But these maneuvers only occupied a few instants each, and each time I swung myself back on a straight line to the entrance of the Bay of Monaco, from which I had come and to which I must return to the balloon house built for me by the Prince of that bay and the land around it, for I was flying homeward like an eagle.

To those watching my return, from the terraces of Monte Carlo and Monaco town (as they told me afterward), the airship increased in size at each moment, like a veritable eagle bearing down on them. As the wind was coming toward them they could hear the low crackling buzz of my motor a long distance away. Faintly now their own shouts of encouragement came to me. They grew

louder. Around the bay a thousand handkerchiefs were fluttering. I gave a sharp turn to the helm, and the airship leapt into the bay, to slow down and be caught and conducted to its "stable."

Here in these azure solitudes there were no chimney pots of Paris, no cruelly threatening roof corners. I had plenty of leisure to look about me and enjoy my position. One of my impressions was that I was still isolated in spite of my ability to direct the airship's course. I remember once meeting two beautiful sailing yachts scudding toward me down the coast. Their sails were full bellied. As I darted over them and they beneath me, I heard a faint cheer, and a graceful feminine figure on the foremost yacht waved a red foulard. As I turned to answer the politeness I perceived that we were already far, far apart.

I was now well up the coast, about half way between Monaco and Cape Saint-Martin. Above was the limitless blue void; below was the solitude of the white-capped waves, and a sudden squall was coming up. Well, I had the fierce pleasure of depending on myself, with every sense alert, and a growing curiosity to learn the power of my motor and propeller to get me out of the scrape. I had never turned in a storm.

Porting my helm, I held the rudder tight. The dirigible swung around like a boat, and as the wind now aided to send me flying down the coast my only work was to maintain my steady course and enjoy the reflections I have already described.

Pleasures like these—the triumphs of personal effort from minute to minute—the spherical balloonist may not know. I recall a similar moment of fierce enjoyment on my return from the Eiffel Tower, when I won the Deutsch Prize for aerial navigation in October, 1901. On my way to the Tower the motor had worked fairly well. Now, after I had left it some 500 yards behind me, it was actually on the point of stopping. I had an instant of great uncertainty. I must make a quick decision. It was to abandon the steering wheel for a moment, at the risk of being torn from my course, in order to give my attention to the carburating lever and the lever controlling the electric spark.

The motor began to work again. I had almost reached the Bois de Boulogne, where, by a phenomenon known to all aeronauts, the cool air from the trees began making the balloon heavier and heavier—*i.e.*, smaller by condensation—when, by an unlucky coincidence, the motor began slowing again. Thus the airship was descending while its motive force was decreasing. I had instantly to throw back both guide rope and shifting weights, changing my center of gravity considerably. This caused the balloon to point diagonally upward, so that the remaining propeller force caused me to remount continually into the air by jerks, so to speak.

I was directly over the crowd of the Auteuil Racetrack. I heard the applause of the mighty throng, when suddenly my capricious motor started working like a *beau diable*. The suddenly accelerated propeller being almost under the up-pointing airship caused an exaggeration of the inclination, so that the applause of the crowd changed to cries of alarm as I darted for a moment almost vertically upward. As for myself I had no fear, knowing the circumstances and feeling doubly safe over the trees of the Bois de Boulogne, whose soft greenery always reassured me, in spite of its having played me many a trick in my earlier experiments. I might have checked the sensational upward shoot by simply slowing the motor that was causing it; but I was doing a race that I actually did win, so I went on, soon righting myself by shifting guide rope and weights forward again. All the same, this is why I passed so high over the judges' heads that my guide rope could not be caught—a detail that caused some hair-splitting at the time, as may be remembered.

If I were asked what were my very first sensations of aerial navigation, I would have to confess surprise to feel the airship going straight ahead. It was astonishing to feel the wind in my face. As a spherical balloonist I had always gone *in* the wind, becoming part of it and not feeling it. As my airship plowed ahead the wind fluttered my coat violently, as on the deck of an Atlantic liner, tho in all other respects it is more like river navigation with a steamboat. It is not at all like sail navigation

and all talk about "tacking" is meaningless. Imagine the air current to be a river running 10 miles per hour. If you go against the current, making 20 miles per hour, your net progress will be but 10 miles per hour. If your propeller makes you 20 miles per hour *with* the current, your net speed becomes 30 miles per hour. Well, it is just so in an airship. In a calm it makes its own speed, unaffected by wind current.

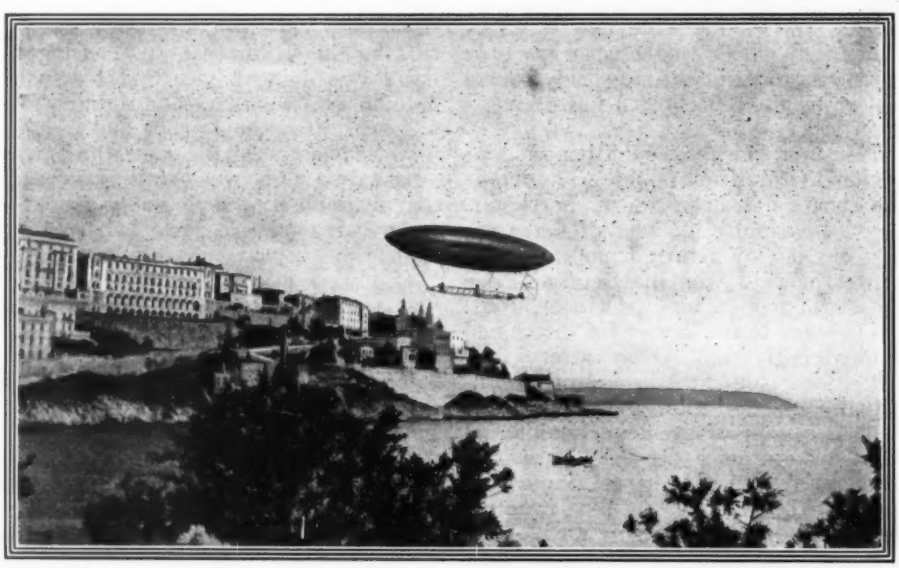
The navigator of the air, however, has one great pleasure unknown to the navigator of a river. He can seek to change one air current for another. The air is full of varying currents. Mounting, I have often sought and found either a calm or an advantageous breeze, even in a spherical balloon; and this is one of the ever-changing delights of the aerial realm.

Before going on my first airship experiment I really wondered if I should be seasick. I imagined that the sensation of mounting and descending *obliquely* (with my shifting weights) might prove queerish, and I looked forward to a deal of pitching—not rolling—another novelty in ballooning. For, remember always, the spherical balloon gives no sensation of movement at all.

In my first airship, however, the suspension was so long that it approximated that of a spherical balloon. For this reason there was very little pitching. And speaking generally, since that time, tho I have been told that on this or that trip I pitched considerably, I have never been seasick in the air.

You see in the airship there is no smell. All is pure and clean, and the pitching itself has none of those shocks and hesitations of the boat at sea. The movement is suave and flowing, owing to the immensely lesser resistance of the air. The pitches are less rapid than at sea; the dip is not brusquely arrested—so the mind can anticipate the curve to its very end and be prepared. There is no shock to give that "empty" feeling as the giant transatlantic construction rises out of the water, first its fore part, then its aft, with its propeller churning the air so viciously, to sink the next moment and churn the water.

All this brings me to the most remarkable of all the sensations of aerial navigation. This is the wonderful diagonal flight. On my first trip it actually shocked me. Man has never known anything like free vertical existence. Held to the plane of the earth, his movement "down" has scarcely been more than a return after a short excursion "up," our minds always remaining on the plane surface, even while our bodies may be



Returning to the Bay of Monaco, "Flying Homeward Like an Eagle." (Page 1228.)

mounting, and this is so much true that the spherical balloonist as he rises has no sense of movement, but gains the impression on which I have insisted, that the earth is descending below him. With respect to combinations of vertical and horizontal movement man is quite without experience. Indeed, I cannot describe the delight, the wonder and intoxication of that free diagonal movement onward and upward, or onward and downward, combined at will with changes of direction horizontally when the airship answers to the touch of the rudder! The birds have this sensation when they spread their wings and go toboganning in curves and spirals through the sky.

Of course, when I look back, it is not always easy for me to separate the pleasures of successful effort, the satisfactions of *amour propre,* and the anticipations of triumphs to come from the natural and innate pleasures of dirigible ballooning. The time, nevertheless, came when I tired of the former and leaned toward the latter, and I made this comparison: Once I was enamoured of high power petroleum automobiles—they can go at wonderful speed to any part of Europe, finding their fuel in any village. But when I discovered that I did not want to go to Moskow or to Lisbon, the small and handy electric runabout in which I do my errands about Paris proved more satisfactory.

From the standpoint of my pleasure and convenience as a Parisian, my experience has been similar. Because, you understand, I do this for my pleasure; I have no mission to labor and risk my life merely to demonstrate things to the public. So I built my little "No. 9 runabout," the smallest of possible dirigibles, which I am, in one sense, copying again on a larger scale this summer. Indeed, it was so small that its original motor was a 3 horse-power Clement, weighing 26 pounds, while its ballast capacity was only 66 pounds. Yet with it I went careering over the Bois at as much as 15 miles per hour, notwithstanding its egg-shaped form, which was seemingly little calculated for cutting the air. The balloon of my airship for this summer will be much more cigar-shaped, slender and pointed, because I have hit on a new stiffening device and no longer fear doubling up like a jack-knife.

How practical this little "runabout" proved itself was shown when I landed with it the first time in the grounds of the Aero Club at Saint-Cloud, in the midst of nine fully inflated spherical balloons, there held ready to be let off on a ladies' race. After a short call, I prepared to start away again to my own balloon house at Neuilly, Saint-James.

"Can we give you some gas?" politely asked my fellow clubmen.

"You saw me coming all the way from Neuilly," I replied; "did I appear to be throwing any ballast?"

"You threw no ballast," they admitted, and it was obvious I could only have started with some 66 pounds of it.

"Then why should I be in need of gas?" I asked. As a matter of curiosity I may relate that I did not lose or sacrifice a cubic foot of gas or a single kilogramme of ballast that whole afternoon.

After leaving my friends at Saint-Cloud I made a typically peaceful "Parisian" air trip—because you must not imagine that the pleasures of dirigible ballooning have all to do with fierce and palpitating effort in blue solitudes. No, there is also the aerial park saunter, absolutely devoid of risk and danger.

To go from Neuilly, Saint-James, to the Aero Club's park I had already passed the Seine. Now, crossing it again I made for the *café* restaurant of the "Cascade," where I descended for refreshment and a chat. It was 5 p.m. Not yet wishing to quit the amusing little voyage, I left the sylvan *café,* crossed the river for a third time, and went straight as close to Mont Valérien as delicacy permitted. (It is an important fort, defending Paris and guarding its own secrets jealously.) Then returning I crossed the river for a last time and came to earth in my own grounds at Neuilly. During my whole trip my highest altitude was 346 feet. Taking into consideration that my guide rope hangs 130 feet below me and that the tops of the Bois trees extend up some 70 feet from the ground, I had enjoyed but 140 feet of clear space for vertical maneuvering.

It was enough, and the proof is that I have amused myself guide roping

round the Arc de Triomphe and down the Avenue des Champs Elysées at as low an altitude as the housetops on either side, fearing no ill and finding no difficulty.

Knowing that the feat must be accomplished at an hour when the pleasure promenade of all Paris would be the least encumbered, I had instructed my men to sleep through the early part of the night at the Neuilly station. Arriving at 3 a.m. I climbed the wall, soothed the dog, waked the men, brought out the airship and crossed the Seine as I rose diagonally a little after dawn. Turning to the left I made my way over the Bois, picking out the open spaces. When I came to trees I jumped over them. So, navigating through the cool air of dawn I reached the Porte Dauphine and the beginning of the Avenue of the Bois, which leads to the Arc de Triomphe.

The carriage promenade of Tout Paris was empty, and I might actually have threaded the Arc de Triomphe had I deemed myself worthy. Instead, I rounded the national monument to the right, as the law directs. Like the Avenue of the Bois, the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, was deserted. Far down its length I saw a solitary cab. As I guide roped along to my house at the corner of the rue Washington, I thought of the time, sure to come, when the navigators of handy little airships will not be obliged to land in the street, but will have their guide ropes caught by their domestics on their own roof-gardens.

So I reached my street corner, to which I pointed downward my stem and descended very gently. Two servants caught, steadied and held the airship while I mounted to my apartment for a cup of coffee. That is another kind of dirigible ballooning!

PARIS, FRANCE.

A Ballade of Dead Cities

BY JESSIE STORRS FERRIS

WHERE are their purpled pomp and pride,
And where their caliphs and their kings?
The martial Cæsars, have they died?
The jeweled rajahs, flown on wings?
The walls that knew beleaguerings,
The moats that ran with blood alway—
Where are they,—boast of man-made things?—
Dead, driven, desert dust are they.

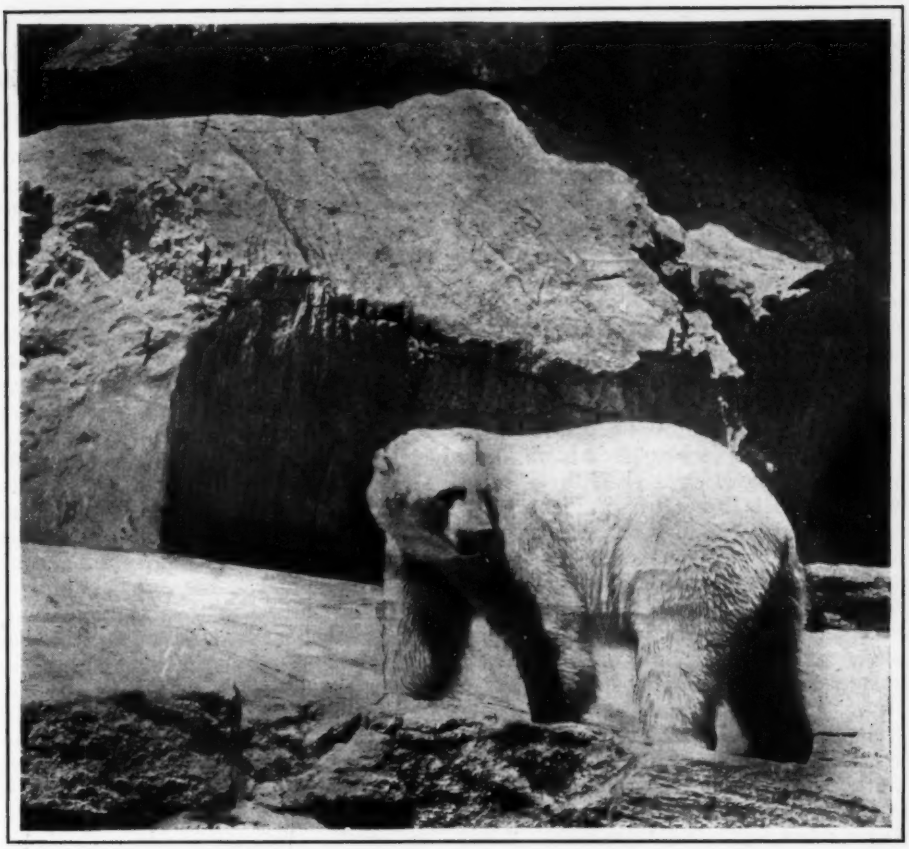
Oh, where is Thebes, that by the tide
Of Nilus saw strange worshipings?
And Carthage, where gold galleys plied?
And Troy, whose wars the Poet sings?
Pompeii, where is she whose strings
Of pleasure snapt too soon,—that lay
Prone 'neath Vesuvius' scoriac stings?—
Dead, driven, desert dust are they.

And where is Babylon, that sighed
'Mid gardens cooled with fountain-springs?
And Tyre, all royal-ruddy dyed?
And Sidon, rich from voyagings?
Where now is Sparta,—name that rings
The clarion-call of courage?—Nay,
Your word no answering echo brings,—
Dead, driven, desert dust are they.

ENVOY.

Prince, 'mid your June-tide junketings,
Know that man's life is but a day,
And vain his lordliest fashionings,—
Dead, driven, desert dust are they.

BUFFALO, N. Y.



Matwock of the Icebergs

BY WILLIAM J. LONG

AUTHOR OF "SECRETS OF THE WOODS," "A LITTLE BROTHER TO THE BEAR," ETC.

MATWOCK, the huge polar bear, drifted down from the Arctic on an iceberg and landed, one spring night, in the fog, at Little Harbor Home on the east Newfoundland coast.

It seemed at first a colossal fatality, that iceberg. The fishermen had just brought their families back from the winter lodge in the woods, and had made their boats ready to go out to the Hook-and-line grounds for a few fresh cod to keep themselves alive. Then a heavy fog shut in, and in the midst of the fog the iceberg came blundering into the tickle, as if there were no other place in a thousand leagues of sea and rock-bound coast. There were two hundred fathoms of water at the harbor mouth and the great berg touched bottom softly, yet with a terrific impact which sent huge masses of ice crashing down on the black rocks on either side. It might stay a month, or it might drift away on the next tide. Meanwhile the fishermen were helpless as flies in a bottle, for the iceberg corked the harbor mouth, and not even a punt could get out or in.

Old Tomah, the Indian, came that same day from his hunting camp far away in the interior. Grown tired of beaver meat and willow bark, he had brought some otter skins to trade for a little pork and tobacco, with a few warm stockings thrown in for good measure. But the trading schooner, for which the islanders watch in spring as a lost man watches

for morning, had not yet come, and the fishermen were themselves at the point of starvation. For a month they had tasted nothing but a little dried fish and doughballs. Hunting was out of the question, for their dogs were all dead and their few guns were out with the young men, who, before the advent of the iceberg, had taken their lives in their hands and gone up the coast sealing in a stout little schooner. So Tomah, taking his otter skins, started back for his own camp.

As his custom was in a strange place, Tomah first climbed the highest hill in the neighborhood to get his bearings. The blundering iceberg seemed to him a grim joke, more grim than the joke on himself which had left him after a forty-mile tramp without pork or tobacco or warm stockings. He was watching the berg with silent, Indian intentness when a mass of overhanging ice crashed down on the rocks. Something stirred in a deep cave suddenly laid open; the next instant his keen eyes made out the figure of a huge white bear standing in the cave, rocking his head up and down as the smell of the village drifted out of the harbor into his hungry nostrils.

Tomah came down from the hill to leave a warning at the little store. "Bes' look out," he said. "Bear over dere on dat hice; big, oh, big one! He come here to-night, soon's dark, see w'at he kin find. He hungry, an' oh, cross! don't 'fraid noting. Bes' set um trap, ketch um plenty meat." Then, because he had left his own gun behind and could borrow none in the village, he started inland on his long tramp.

Matwock the bear landed from his iceberg as soon as it was dark, as Tomah had said, and headed straight for the village. For a month he had been adrift in the open sea without food, because the seals, which had first enticed him away till fifty miles of open water stretched between him and his native haunts, had now returned to the coast to rear their young on the rocks and grounded ice floes. Meanwhile the great berg, to which he clung as a mariner to a floating spar, drifted steadily southward over the mist-shrouded ocean, with its foot a thousand feet deep in a powerful current. Most of the time he had slept, going back to the old bear habit of hibernation to save his strength; but when the berg grounded and the wind from the harbor brought the smell of fish and of living animals to his nose he sprang up ravenously hungry. Never having seen men, he had no fear. Straight and swift he followed his nose, ready to seize the first food, living or dead, that lay in his path.

On the outskirts of the village he came upon a huge deadfall which the men had made hurriedly at Tomah's suggestion, partly to get meat, of which they were in sore need, but more to protect themselves and their little ones from the savage prowler which knew no fear. The bait was a lot of offal, bones and fish skins tied together with cod line, and the fall-log was the stump of a big mast, waterlogged and heavy as lead, which had come ashore years ago from a wreck and which they made heavier still by rocks lashed on with cables. Matwock entered the pen swiftly, grabbed the bait, and, *thud!* down came the weighted log on his shoulders.

Now a black bear would have been caught across the small of the back and his spine cracked like an eggshell by the fearful blow. But Matwock was altogether too big, and the pen altogether too small. With a roar of rage he hurled the log aside, smashed the pen into fragments, and charged straight through the village, knocking to pieces with blows of his terrible paws the pens and fishflakes that stood across his path.

Matwock went back to his cave in the iceberg, angry and sore, yet with a strange timidity at heart from this first experience in the abodes of men. What the beastly thing was that had fallen on his back he had, of course, no idea, but he had learned in a minute that he could not prowl here with the power and authority that marked him in the vast snowy solitudes where no man dwells. He was licking a wound that a chain had torn in his shaggy white coat when a faint scratching and grunting, amid the ceaseless roar of breakers and booming of waves in the ice caverns, came to his sensitive ears and made him steal out instantly to investigate.

Down on a shelf of ice, on the seaward side of the great berg, two bull seals had floundered out, fat and heavy with food, to sleep and bask a while in the sun,

which was just then rising. A glance told the bear that the big seals had chosen the spot well, where no danger could approach save from the open sea out of which they had just come. Of the berg itself they had no fear whatever, for it rose behind them a hundred feet in a sharp incline to where a score of glistening spires and minarets began, on which the sea birds were nesting. So they stretched their fat bulks comfortably on the narrow shelf of ice, watching the open sea, blinking sleepily in the sunshine.

Slowly, cautiously Matwock circled the berg, creeping upward along a great crevice to reach another shelf over the basking seals. His great feet were padded thickly with fur, which clung to the ice like wool, and where the ascent was most ticklish the muscles of his forelegs contracted strongly, driving his claws like steel hooks into the ice. So he gained the high shelf at last and lay down with only his ears and eyes showing over the edge as he looked down hungrily at his game.

Below him was a dizzy incline, steep as a mountain top, polished and glistening with the frost and storms of the centuries, at the foot of which the unconscious seals were basking. Very deliberately Matwock chose his position over the larger seal; then with his hind legs he pushed himself steadily over the edge, crouching low on his belly, with his nose on his forepaws, which were stretched straight out in front of him. Like a flash of light he glanced down over the slope, striking the seal a terrific blow and knocking him end over end as the bear shot over him into the sea. There was a terrible commotion for an instant, which set the sea birds flapping and clamoring wildly; then out of the turmoil Matwock's head arose, gripping the big seal by the neck. He laid his game carefully on the ice shelf, kicked himself up after it and ate it there, where a moment before it had been blinking sleepily in the morning sun.

The presence of his favorite game in the strange land turned Matwock's thoughts from the village of men into which he had blundered with the iceberg. No boats came out or in to disturb him, so he kept his abode in the ice cavern, which was safe and warm, and out of which he wandered daily up and down the rocky coast.

A few mother seals had their young here hidden on the great ice floes, which were fast anchored to the rocks and shoals. The little seals are snow white at first—for kind Nature forgets none of her helpless children—the better to hide on the white ice on which they are born. Only their eyes and the tips of their noses are black, and at the first alarm they close their eyes and lie very still, so that it is almost impossible to see them. Even when you stand over them they look like rough lumps of snow-ice. If they have time they even hide the black tips of their noses in their white fur coats, and if you appear suddenly they simply close their eyes, and the black nose tip looks like a stray pebble or a tiny bit of bark left by the uneasy winds that sweep over the ice floes. As they grow larger and begin to fish for themselves they gradually turn dark and sleek, like their mothers, the better to slip unseen through the dark waters in which they hunt.

Like all bears Matwock has poor eyes and depends chiefly on his nose in scouting. He would swim swiftly, mile after mile, along the edges of the floes, raising his head to sniff every breeze, trying to locate where the young seals were hiding. But the little ones give out almost no scent at such times, besides being invisible, and Matwock rarely dined on a nest of young seals. The only way he could catch them was by a cunning bit of bear strategy. He would swim far out from the edge of the floes and drift about among the floating ice, looking himself like an ice cake; or else he would crouch on an ice field and watch for hours till he saw a big seal clamber out and knew from her actions that she was feeding her young. Then he would head straight and swift for the spot and nose all over it till he found what he was seeking.

When the big bull seals came ashore to bask in the sun, resting on a rock or the edge of an ice floe, whence they could slip instantly into deep water, Matwock adopted slyly a different style of hunting. He would slip silently far down to leeward—for the seal's nose is almost as keen as his own—and there begin his cautious stalk up-wind. Sinking his

enormous weight deep in the water till only his nose and the top of his head appeared, he would glide slowly along the edge of the floe, looking exactly like a bit of loose ice drifting along in the tide. When near the game he would disappear entirely, and, like an otter, not a ripple marked the spot where he went down.

The big seal would be blinking sleepily on the edge of the ice floe, raising himself on his flippers to stretch like a wolf, or turning uneasily to warm both sides at the sun, when the huge head and shoulders of a bear would shoot up out of the water directly in front of him. One swift, crushing blow of the terrible paw and the seal would be dead without a thought of what had happened to him.

So Matwock lived and hunted for a week, growing fat and contented again. Then the seals vanished on one of their sudden migrations—following the fish, no doubt—and for a week more he hunted without a mouthful. One night, when he returned late to his cave, the great iceberg had broken its anchorage and drifted well out of the tickle, and from the harbor the smell of fresh fish drifted into his hungry nostrils. For the day had been sunny and calm, and the starving fishermen had slipped out to the Hook-and-line grounds and brought back exultingly the first cod of the season.

Again Matwock came ashore, tired as he was after an all day's swim, and headed straight for the good smell in the village. The big deadfall was set in his path, baited with fresh offal, and the log was weighted twice as heavily as before. But the bear had learned cunning and entered the trap from the rear, tearing the heavy pen to pieces as if it were made of straws. The fall came down again with a thud that made the ground shiver, but it fell harmlessly on the bed-log, and Matwock ate the bait greedily to the last scrap. Then he entered the village, rummaging the wharves and sheds boldly, and leaving his great footprints at every door.

Late that night Old Tomah appeared with his otter skins and a haunch of caribou at Daddy Crummet's cabin, on the edge of the woods far down at the bottom of Long Arm. All winter Daddy Crummet had been sick—chiefly from lack of food and rheumatism—and Tomah, taking pity on the lonely old man, blundered around in the dark to find wood and to make a stew of the savory meat which he had brought with him all the way from his camp in the interior. At twilight a fisherman had come to leave a couple of fresh cod and hurry away again on his long, weary pull up the Arm. Daddy meant to cook the fish, but was too weak when the time came, and left them in a barrel in his little shed. Then came Tomah with his stew, and the old man ate and felt better. It was midnight when they had smoked a pipe of Tomah's dried willow bark and traded the scant news from the two ends of the wilderness and turned in to sleep.

A terrible racket in the shed roused them—*whack! bang! thump!* Something was out there knocking everything to pieces. Daddy, under the bed-clothes, began to shiver and wail that the devil himself had come to fetch him. Tomah jumped up like a Jack-in-a-box, just as a barrel was flung against the door with a crash that made it shiver. In the appalling silence that followed they heard the *p'chap-p'chap* of some huge beast crunching the codfish between his jaws.

Tomah had brought his gun this time. He grabbed it from behind the stove, pulled the big hammer back, and felt with his fingers to be sure that the cap was ready on the nipple. He stole to the door and opened it a crack, pushing the gun barrel out ahead of him. A huge white beast turned swiftly as the door squeaked. Tomah, making out what seemed to him a great head in the darkness, poked the muzzle of the gun into it and pulled the trigger. There was a deafening roar; the door was slammed back in the face of the old Indian with a force that sent him sprawling on his back.

When Tomah scrambled to his feet, his ears ringing, his nose filled with pungent powder smoke, there lay Matwock at the end of his long trail. He was lying as if asleep, his great paws outspread across the threshold, his head resting heavily between them. The tail of the last codfish stuck out of his mouth and his lips were parted in a ferocious grin, as if to the end it were all a huge joke.

STAMFORD, CONN.

Modern Angling

BY DWIGHT W. HUNTINGTON

AUTHOR OF "OUR BIG GAME." ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IF it be true, as recently stated by a competent authority, that upward of ten thousand books and papers have been written about fishing, it would seem that but little remained to be said. Our fishing to-day, however, is in many particulars diametrically opposite the angling familiar to the older living anglers. When we recall the many lakes and streams which we knew when they were full of fine bass and trout, and which were completely fished out, we cease to wonder at the demand of the anglers for a change which has come about. It seemed for a time that our fishing and our shooting were destined to come to a sudden ending. A few years ago we had no game laws. We now have many, some of which are past the comprehension of the average layman.

A glance at the laws indicates that the season for taking the game fishes has been much shortened in most of the Northern States, and fishing is now distinctly a summer sport. The open season for trout and bass usually begins in the late spring or early summer and ends on or before the coming of cold weather. In most of the Southern States, however, there are no fish laws and one may fish the whole year through.

In addition to shortening the season and protecting the fish during the spawning season and in winter, nearly all of the States which have fish laws limit the number of fish or pounds of fish *per diem*. In Nebraska and North Dakota, for example, the catch limit is 25 fish *per diem*. In Iowa the catch limit is 40; in Michigan, 50; in Oregon, 125. In Colorado the limit is 25 pounds of trout and 50 pounds of other fish *per diem*. In New Hampshire the limit is only 10 pounds. In New York and Indiana the solitary fisherman has an advantage, since in the former State he may take 24 bass in a day, while two in the same boat may take only 36. A similar law in Indiana permits the "lone fisherman" to take 20 bass in a day, while two in a boat may take only 30. Many States now have sweeping provisions prohibiting the taking of fish in any way except by angling, which is defined to be fishing with rod and line with one, or possibly two or three, hooks. The laws also limit the size of the fish to be taken, and the angler is usually required to return all undersized fish at once to the water with the least possible injury. It would seem necessary nowadays to fish with a foot-rule at hand, in order to measure all doubtful fishes. Such laws appeal to the conscience, like many laws regulating our shooting, and their execution is often defeated by the elastic conscience of the angler. In many States it is now unlawful to fish in the night season, to take fish in nets or on "trot lines," or "snag hooks" stretched on lines across the lakes or rivers, to poison or dynamite the streams, to fish through the ice, to take fish near a dam and to drain ponds and streams with a view to taking all the fish therein at one full swoop when stranded on the bottom.

The true angler, however, has little fault to find with the laws regulating his sport. He has been the originator and promoter of many of them. There is a growing sentiment in favor of a small catch, the returning of the little fish to the waters, and against the many outrageous methods of capture which came near to ending the game.

The writer recalls an invitation to go fishing in Kentucky, when the performance consisted in following by boat a long line stretched across a river, upon which were suspended innumerable baited hooks. The line had been set at night and a great number of fish of many kinds were found suspended by the many hooks. Upon another occasion,

when angling properly for bass upon a little stream in Indiana and just at a time when the sport was most lively and every rod in the party was busy, a crowd of men came down the stream, entered our pool with a net which reached from shore to shore, proceeded to haul out all the fish of every size and description and walked off with the best of them, leaving the others to rot upon the bank. There was nothing to be said. Their rights were equal to ours, and as to might making right, their party was the stronger. It was not unusual for the farmers as well as the people of the towns to own large nets and use them on the small streams and lakes. The use of dynamite and poison and the draining of the ponds and streams were, of course, immensely destructive, and the wonder is that a fish remains.

It would be idle to catalog the laws regulating fishing, if space permitted, since our laws are made, amended and repealed with such rapidity that the catalog would be out of date before it was fairly finished. But a glance at the recent legislation indicates that the average bass must not be smaller than 8 inches and the average trout not smaller than six. The number of fish varies greatly, from 125 in Oregon to 20 in Indiana, and possibly a fewer number elsewhere.

Altho one would hardly expect to find much that is entertaining or amusing in the reading of dry statutes I have been both entertained and amused at the evident compromises which indicate the attentive ear of the legislator when listening to the voice of his constituency. In Vermont, for example, it is illegal to fish through the ice for trout, but not more than fifteen tended lines may be used through the ice for bass. In the same State, while a general slaughter of fish with the shotgun is prohibited, there is an exception in favor of shooting pickerel, with a gun held at the shoulder. Heavy artillery seems to have been driven off of all angling waters. In Maine one may use five lines through the ice.

In the Iowa law we find a provision that owners may take fish "as they see fit." Here we have a direct legislative

Trout Stream. Reproduced from a Water Color Sketch by the Author

Bass Fishing. Reproduced from a Water Color Sketch by the Author

acknowledgment of the importance of game preserving and a discrimination in favor of the rich which will, no doubt, prove injurious to the cause.

Iowa has another charming compromise in the law prohibiting fishing unless by hook and line. "Any person," so the statute reads, "may, between the 15th day of May and the 15th day of November, use not more than one trot line, in streams only, *and extending not more than half way across.*" It would seem necessary to have a wicked partner to complete the deviltry. Those interested in fish preservation may take some solace in the thought that a snag or anchor is not always handy in mid stream. In Iowa fishing through the ice is lawful, but the fisherman shall not have while so engaged, "any house, shed or other protection against the weather, or have or use any stove or other means for creating artificial heat." You may fish, men of Iowa, but you must shiver! This, no doubt, seems too bad just now that small oil stoves are so portable and so cheap. This provision against shelter and heat brought to mind a living picture of many Indians fishing through the ice in North Dakota, each seated behind a comfortable screen or wind-break, and beside a small fire which burned brightly on the crystal surface of the lake. But North Dakota has now abolished this form of angling altogether.

In some States which prohibit night fishing we find provisions extending the time until an early bed-going hour and permitting a start an hour or more before sunrise. In Colorado the fishing ends at 8 p.m. Here we note also an important law, which provides that the public shall have the right to fish in any stream stocked at public expense, subject to actions in trespass for any damage done property along the bank. There were loud objections in several States not long ago to the preservers getting most of the State fish for the exclusive use of clubmen. The laws were at the outset but little observed. So long as the sale and export of the game fish were legal the temptation to evade the laws remained. Laws putting an end to the sale of game fish have everywhere put an end to the outrageous methods of capture above referred to. Some States except from the operation of the laws against the selling of fish, all fish caught on private preserves or brought in from other States. Such exceptions, of course, destroy the efficacy of the laws, for who can tell where a fish was caught?

The export laws are numerous and

varied. Some provide that the legitimate sportsman, who has taken his fish by fair angling with rod, line and single hook, may take a few fish home even if he lives beyond the confines of the State; in some States he must attach a tag to his small bunch, bearing his name and address, and carry his fish openly, so that all may see how many he has and who it is that has caught the fish and from whence he came. In other States a limited number of fish may be sent home by express, with a tag stating the contents of the package and other particulars as to person, place, etc. In many States the non-resident angler is not allowed to depart with his catch, so jealously are the fish guarded for those at home.

In the matter of license the non-resident angler has the advantage of the shooter. In most of the States a substantial sum is now exacted from the latter for the privilege of shooting, but the modern angler may fish without payment in all of the States but one or two.

It has been the writer's good fortune to see much fishing at its best, altho often carried away from it by the whir of the grouse, the whistle of the woodcock and by the tracks of deer and elk and bear, "when the United States was a free country," as one complainant put it in writing to a magazine, complaining about modern game laws and game preserves. The change from old fishing conditions to the new has been rapid and startling.

Streams where a few years ago we used an oatsack for a creel and took enough trout before breakfast to supply the open air appetites of our military escort, privates as well as officers, have been fished to a finish, and places where we used to wander at will at any season and take quantities of fine fish are now not worth a visit, or are owned by clubs or individuals who warn the public away with the untruthful statement on many signs that there is "no fishing here." Fish there are in abundance in such places, but they are for the few.

Much of our best fishing, like much of our best shooting, is found to-day on the preserves, where the supply is annually kept up. In one instance which I recall the ponds and streams were filled so full of overfed fish that a distemper appeared and a great loss followed. One need go no further than the north roads on Long Island to learn how much of the good fishing is now closed to the general public. The public has felt the restraint, and a few homicides are charged to the laws against trespassing on the preserve. While Iowa, as we have observed, seems to openly favor the rich, who may take fish "as they see fit," in Colorado the dear people may roam over any preserve at will which contains a stream or lake stocked by the State. In one of the States, I forget now which, all ponds containing more than a few acres are declared to be public waters.

There are many other changes than these enumerated which have taken place in many parts of the country. The writer fancies he sees a change in the appearance of the modern angler. Certain it is that there is often a trace of golf in the costume of those who fish in pleasant places strictly in accordance with many rules of conduct, self-imposed and in advance of the statutes made to govern fishing. While the brooks murmur and placid lakes reflect the image of the sky and forests the sport of angling will endure. "Men may come," different in many ways from those depicted as good fishermen in Walton's time, and "men may go," but the sport, like the brook, goes on forever.

CENTER MORICHES, LONG ISLAND.

Arrival

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

We thought that Spring would come with madding thrush,
And countless brooks would lift their myriad psalm;
But lo, she came with quiet and with hush,
Her only voice the silence and the calm.

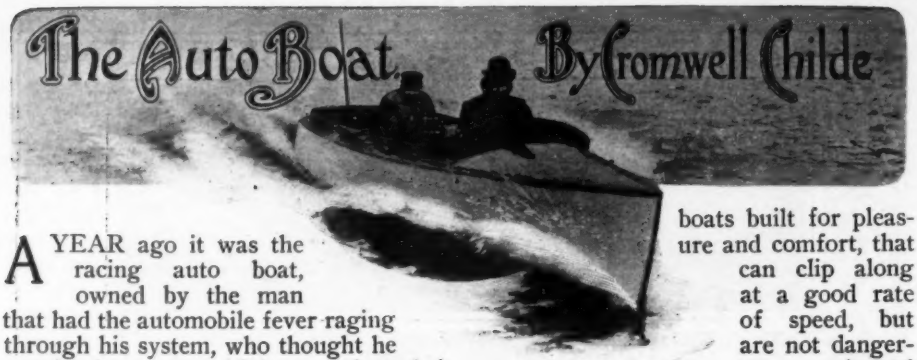
We thought that Spring would come with smile of cheer,
All crowned with flowers like some triumphant queen;
But lo, she came with shadow and with tear,
And trembled lest her violets should be seen.

We thought that Spring would come from hight untrod,
And like a vision dazzle land and sea;
But lo, she came with grasses on the sod,
And shamed us with her meek simplicity!

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The Auto Boat

By Cromwell Childe

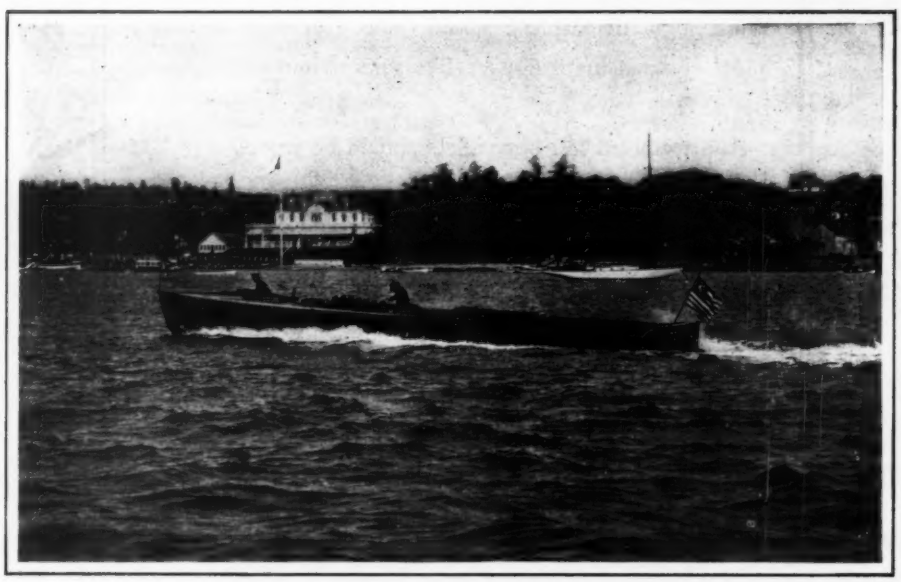


A YEAR ago it was the racing auto boat, owned by the man that had the automobile fever raging through his system, who thought he saw in the water a highway unbounded and unrestricted, furnishing a new field for speeding and amusement. To-day the power boat is slowly evolving; it is midway in the transition stage between a rich man's toy and a craft of moderate speed and considerable comfort.

Power boat, motor boat, auto boat are the names variously given to these nautical vehicles. No better and more comprehensive phrase has been coined, however, than "the automobile on water." These words express exactly the new sport, now growing faster, statistics show, than any other in America and promising the most interesting and fascinating development.

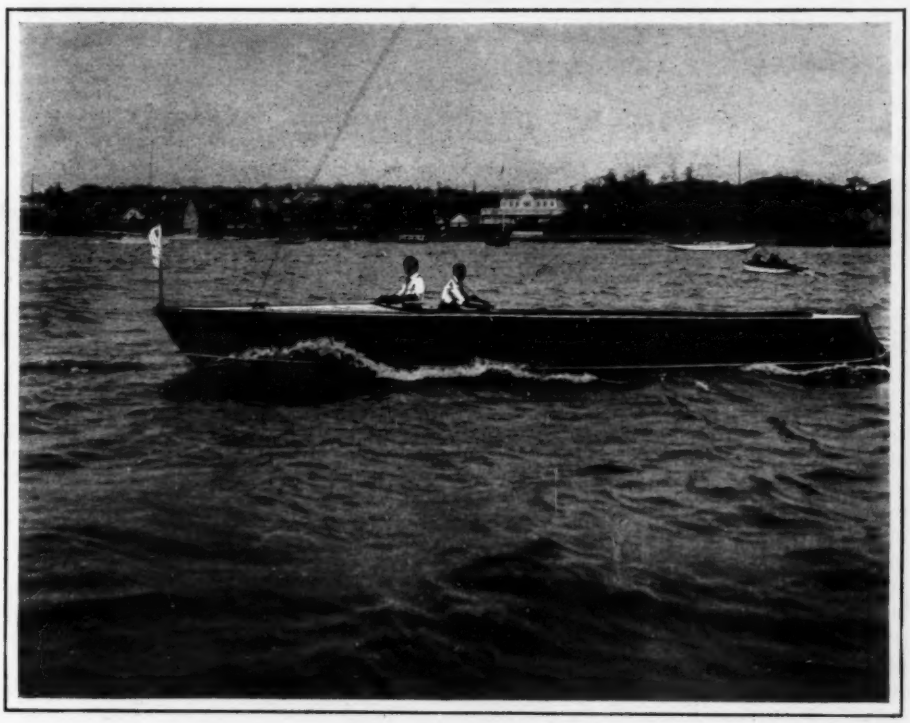
The racing boat continues; it has not been, nor is it likely to be, superseded. But a new phase is setting in. Power boats built for pleasure and comfort, that can clip along at a good rate of speed, but are not dangerous, awkward shells loaded with machinery and with room only for a working crew, are commencing to have the center of the stage. This is a development of the past winter's months. Scores of such boats have been designed, constructed and are awaiting summer days to be put into the water.

Abroad and here the racing boat's status and general plan is settled. Such a boat can only be of use for racing; she is a machine full of discomfort and risk to those aboard. It is simply a matter now of motor maker and hull maker working in greater harmony to get results, and practically any speed is possible. The cost has put any racing auto craft capable of making new records only within the reach of millionaires. The rich man's toy is still his toy.



E. A. Riotte's "Standard"

On the other hand there is this new demand for a boat that can ply swiftly back and forth between country places and "colonies;" that can make little journeys day or night; that could carry a man in to business, if he were not more than thirty miles away from a neighboring city; that could tour inland waters that offer combinations of hundreds of miles of superb trips. Experimentally some hundreds of such boats, large and small, have been built for this summer. Their faults will doubtless be many and the bulk of them will probably be discarded before the season is over, but out of the new fleet should come a type that will eventually meet the demand.



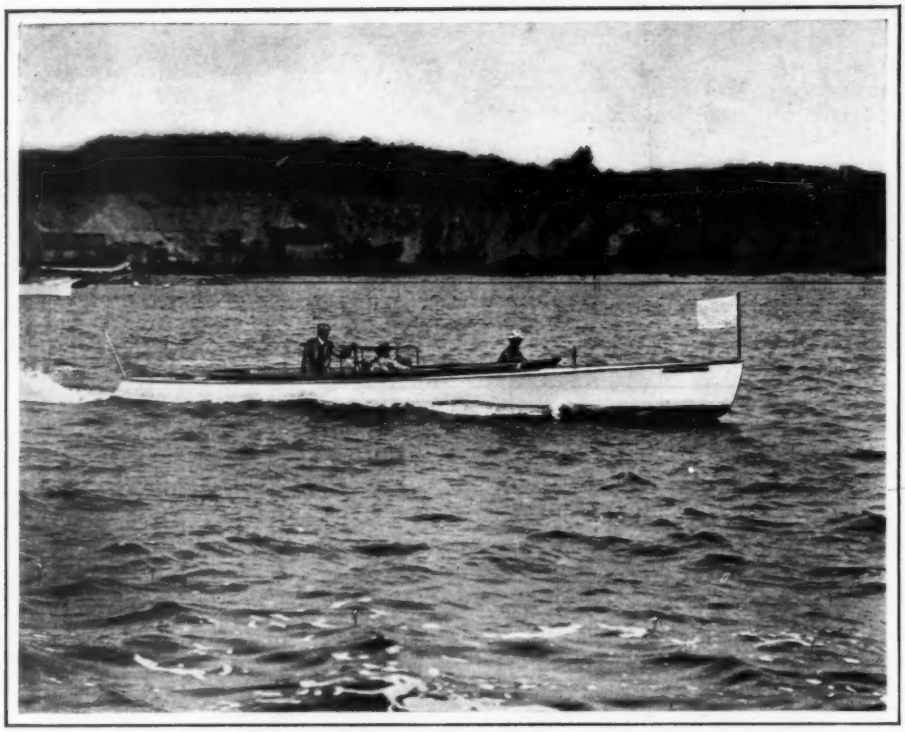
Miss Swift

One hundred boats of this order, it has been latterly said officially, have been or are being constructed to one built for sheer speed.

It is the convenience, roominess, comfort, ease of getting under way and smallness of cost that additionally appeal in this new class of auto boat. It may not be too much to say that two years from now the auto boat will be in the proportion of a thousand to one along these lines. The racing game is fascinating, but it takes too long a pocketbook. Three thousand to four thousand dollars will buy a really beautiful auto craft of the coming type, one that could readily carry a small party on the longest of inland water tours or be on the water what the good, reliable, speedy automobile, not a racing machine, is on land. It is no trouble at all to put one of these in motion. A few turns of the wheel and the gasoline engine is set going, and its fuel is cheap and readily procured.

Last fall, at the close of the racing auto boat season, when the records here and abroad had been overhauled and compared, the present writer wrote, and his conclusions are precisely applicable to the opening of the present racing season:

The boats are of slight draft and extremely thin, so thin, in fact, that it



The "Japansky," the Famous Launch of F. H. Waldorf

would seem as if the extreme of lightness of hull had been reached. Some hulls are finely shaped and some are ugly. As for comfort, what with the blinding spray that sometimes even gets under the necessary oilskins, the bad smell and the noise of the rapid explosions of the gasoline as the engine is urged to greater speed, this playing the part of a mechanic in the cramped quarters of the cockpit is far from the usual agreeable surroundings of the man of wealth. The drenching is inevitable, as the boat goes headlong through the waves, not over them.

Auto boating in the Mediterranean, where it flourishes off Monaco, has been described as follows:

"A wild welter through blinding, stinging spray, which makes a look ahead impossible, while the swirling hell we leave in our wake makes a look behind call up suggestions of many forms of suicide, all more enticing than this one. Conversation is impossible. Imagine the purring of a gigantic cat, magnified a milion times, there you have our motor in gentle mood. Its monstrous throbbing beats madly on the tympana of our ears. It roars around us. It gets in our veins, drives the blood fiercely through the heart, and fills us with one wild, overpowering, frenzied desire, a desire to overhaul that diabolical *trèfle a-quatre*.

"In the nature of things, the craze for the racing auto boat can be only ephemeral. It will likely spend itself soon, and by winter more than one broken and battered craft will again bear witness to the utter uselessness of the boat built for speed alone."

Compare this account, especially the quotation on Monaco auto boating, with the following, an analysis of one of the most promising thus far of the motor boats not made to race:

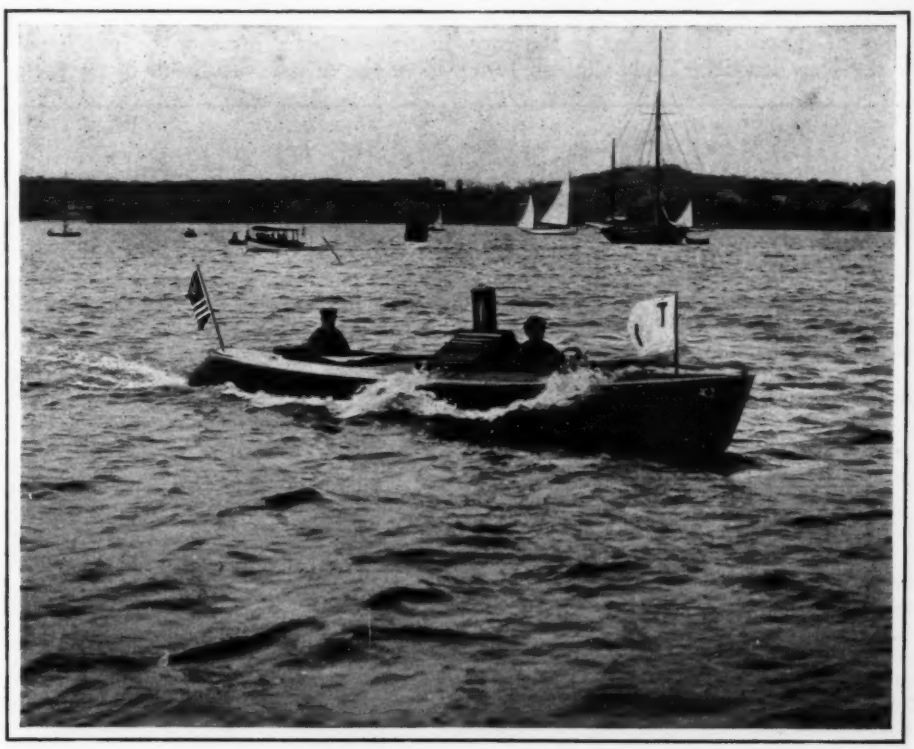
"The recent launching of Mr. Harold Q. Pratt's new motor boat, 'Dodger,' at City Island, may almost be regarded as epoch making. The 'Dodger' is, in fact, the forerunner of a class of craft which is to be the logical evolution of the auto boat. Short lived by reason of its construction, of no earthly use except for racing purposes, and at best hardly more than an ephemeral craze to be indulged in by only those with money to burn, the auto boat was bound in the mind of the far-seeing to have a mission worth while by paving the way for gasoline driven pleasure boats of high speed power. The 'Dodger,'

which is built of steel, . . . along the lines of a torpedo boat and is ninety feet on the water line, is about as far removed from the prevailing idea of a swift auto boat as possible. Instead of her great speed going hand in hand with an open cockpit, in which crouch figures in oilskins, she has a very sizeable cabin with everything in the way of comfort for the owner and his guests. This is one of two motor boats which have been built according to the most advanced ideas for members of the Pratt family. Mr. John T. Pratt's boat . . . is only two-thirds the length of his younger brother's craft."

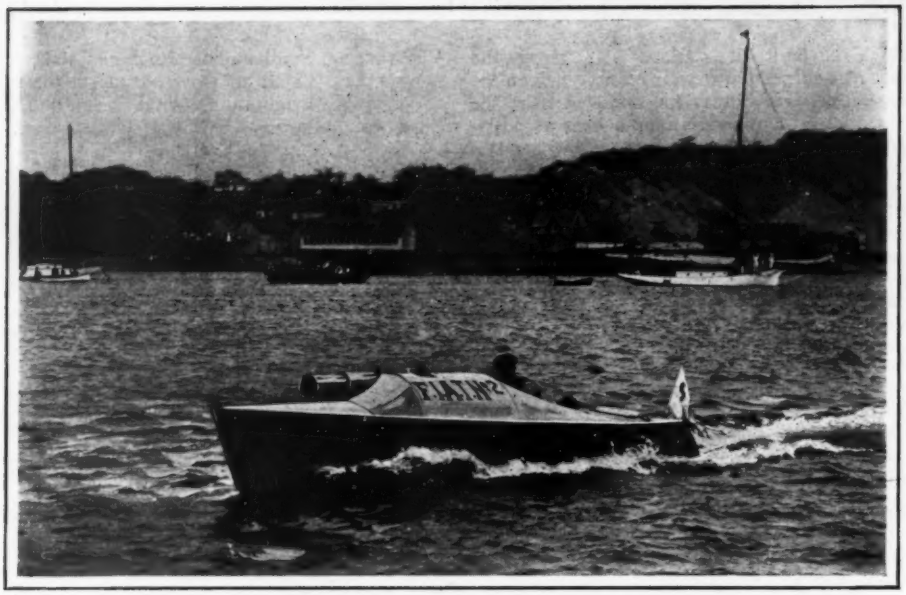
A recapitulation of the racing of last season is none the less interesting, now that the new year has been entered. After all, tho it is but one end of the story, auto boat racing is keen sport. It is costly, it is only within the means of the very rich, the boats are pure playthings; but the game is exciting. Here is the motor boat calendar for 1905:

May 1 to 15. Mediterranean races.
15. Juvisy, France, races.
30. Manhasset Bay races (American).
June 22 to 30. Kiel, Germany, races.
July 2 to 10. Rouen, France, races.
July 14 to 28. Southampton, England trials.
15. Calais to Dover, contest.
22. Brighton, England, races.
Aug. 1 to 7. Rouen to Trouville, contest.
6 to 9. Paris to Trouville, contest.
10. Trouville (for Gaston Menier Cup), races.
11. Trouville (for Drexel Trophy), races.
12. International Cup, races.
19. Albany to St. Lawrence River, cruise, American.
24 to 26. Chippewa Bay (Power Boat Association Challenge), races, American.
Sept. 1. Lake Geneva, Switzerland, meet.
11. England (Joe Harmsworth Cup), races.
12 to 14. Lake Lucerne, Switzerland, meet.

The 1904 contests (1904 being the first great racing year) brought some interesting results in this country. On May 30th at Manhasset Bay the season was started. "Panhard I" (A. Massanet) made the best showing for her rating, but was beaten by Cornelius Hoagland Tangeman's "Fiat II." The



A. Massanet's "Panhard I"



"Flat II," Owned by Cornelius Hoagland Tangeman

"Japansky" of F. H. Waldorf covered the course at a speed of 20.20 statute miles. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s, "Hard Boiled Egg" was one of the features of the year, a winner in the race of the New Rochelle Yacht Club on June 18. Here again the "Japansky" was a winner. The "Vingt-et-un" won a $2,000 challenge cup in June at Larchmont. E. A. Riotte's "Standard" on more than one occasion proved herself to be one of the crack boats of the racing

"Shooting Star," One of 1904's Cracks and Still in the Field

field. "Water Lily," "F. I. A. T. III," "Swift Sure" (designed by Herreshoff), "Mercedes," "U. S. A.," "Mercedes VI" and "Shooting Star" came out with the others in the final races of the season, the matches for the Challenge Cup in September. There were ten starters, "Vingt-et-un II," a second edition of the original "Vingt-et-un," taking the Cup.

There has been promised for this year in these racing machines a considerable improvement in hull designs, but these boats are yet to appear. Launched late last year was a boat that was thought to have great possibilities, Frank Croker's Herreshoff "XPDNC," but Mr. Croker's death while automobile racing on land makes it uncertain how and when this craft will show. Lewis Nixon has a remarkable ocean-going motor boat, the "Gregory," which has now safely made the trip across the Atlantic for the foreign races. She is 90 feet long, has thirty tons displacement and has made a speed of twenty-three miles. Another of the great racers of the hour is Harrison B. Moore's "Onontio," designed by H. J. Gielow, and thus far officially the first in world's record, having made the best mile of the year. She is 58 feet long. The "XPDNC," noted above, has the record for long distance racing, an average of 26.29 statute miles for 136½ miles, with no stops to take on fuel. "The Vingt-et-un III" is one of the foremost as the holder (see above) of the gold challenge cup of the American Power Boat Association, a trophy which she is to defend in June.

G. W. Childs Drexel is to have a twenty-eight miles an hour motor boat, sixty-two feet over all, that will be a racing factor. Crowninshield, of Boston, has designed a forty-foot boat for President Speare, of the Bay State Automobile Association. Among auto boat men there is much interest in these two latter craft.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Benefits of a Vacation in Europe

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, LL.D.

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW YORK

I BELIEVE that the most recently accepted theory of the brain is that some brain cell moves every muscle and is related to some particular department of the mind; that the cells not in use decay or become atrophied, while the cells constantly used are abnormally enlarged.

As a result of this we find that the athlete, who seems to be a strong, healthy man whom we might expect to live to a good old age, dies young or resists feebly what people of much less physical strength withstand quite easily.

People who have preserved their prime, mentally and physically, after they have passed three-score and ten years are found to be all around men whose brain cells have all been kept active.

Now, a man who works with his mind needs a vacation more than one who works with his muscles, because while at his occupation he neglects the muscular side and only a part of the brain cells are in use.

While a vacation is generally charged up to rest it should really be placed to the credit of change of occupation—of resting certain faculties and giving exercise to others which require it.

A man who is intensely busy and active, as I have been for forty years, in business, politics and on the plaform, finds that the wheels of his mental machine get rusty at the end of ten months; that it requires extra exertion to do those things that before were easy; that there is a strain on the nerves, and that this warning, if unheeded, is soon followed by insomnia.

The question then arises as to how to repair the waste, revive the dormant faculties, prevent the brain cells which have not been used from becoming atrophied and give the muscular system a chance.

I tried for years taking vacations at home and returned to work tired. I found that when I took no vacation at all I was nearly as well off, unless in a gubernatorial or presidential year, when I spent three or four weeks on the stump and returned to work tremendously refreshed and invigorated in consequence. I finally explained this paradox of rest secured by means of hard work by theorizing that the benefit I received from stumping arose from my meeting tens of thousands of people, looking on new things, meeting new and interesting characters and having new and exciting experiences in regard to what moves or fails to move that most complex and difficult creature—an audience.

The more original people who have made success of some kind in life, who rose out of the mass and made an impression, contributed more than everything else to the freshening process.

On the other hand, when taking a vacation to the ordinary watering place, mountain or seaside, conversation was largely shop without the excitement of the real thing or business without the tools conveniently to transact it.

When I first went abroad nearly thirty years ago I was fortunately furnished with letters of introduction which brought me in contact with people of distinction, but for the first five or six years repair, renewing and refreshing of mind and muscle came from visiting historic places and seeing the marvelous designs of the old architects or the priceless paintings and sculptures which the Old World possesses in such great abundance.

To a university man who has kept up his reading in regard to classic and historic events there is an exquisite pleasure which no language can describe gained from visiting the scenes so often pictured in the imagination, and to one who loves fun and sees the humorous or ridiculous as parts of human nature the fellow travelers on the steamer or at the hotels abroad furnish more amusement than any vaudeville show, comedy or farce; always provided one is not afraid —as many Americans unhappily are—to go among and talk to them.

"The Cookies," as they are called, are to the right-minded and not too dignified person a never ending source of delight. They are so genuine.

When Baedeker has ceased to be a volume of thrilling interest, cathedrals no longer attract and old masters become a bore, the famous men and women of the Old World found in the great capitals like London and Paris or the international watering places like Homburg form a university on a higher order and with more varied instruction than all the summer schools put together.

If in your six weeks' outing you have met socially, so as to establish tolerably familiar relations, such a statesman as Gladstone, such men of letters as Browning and Tennyson, artists like the President of the Royal Academy and his *confrères,* journalists like the editors of the great dailies, men of science, educators and sportsmen, you have gained something which lasts a lifetime. If only one such conquest marks your outing it distinguishes the year.

The man or woman who works in intellectual pursuits, whether professional or business, letters or education, ten months of the year, finds at the end of that time an unaccountable feeling of fag and weariness and wonders if he or she is failing; but on returning from such a trip as I have described, with the rest of the sea both ways, life is found to be still full of joy and hope; insoluble problems solve themselves; the speech one thought he could never make bubbles up and out with scarcely an effort; the pen which dragged and blurred and blotted the page moves automatically as if under the control of an electric current, and the hostile conditions which filled one with despair are easily reversed.

To return to our original proposition, the person who has been lopsided, angular, with impaired vision and weakened forces from excessive travel in a rut, comes back from such an outing as I have described with all brain cells available and in normal condition to do his best with such powers as God has given

amid such opportunities as are his.

No American who enjoys the life and rushing tide of our country could live permanently abroad, but in his vacation conditions there make Europe a delightful sanitarium. It will be many generations before our business men or even professional people and those in the higher walks of finance and commerce can reach the restfulness of European life.

Even Philadelphia would get on the nerves of an English lawyer, statesman, banker, manufacturer or professional man.

It is just this calm prevailing in and about English society which gives opportunity and zest and relish for the discussion of the latest novel, the speech in Parliament, the new scientific discovery, the author in his first success, the newest beauty.

Americans read with envy and wonder the autobiographies which are constantly coming out in the English and Continental press, so largely made up of conversations in which the writer partook or listened. Conversation is still in foreign circles not an art, but a habit. The lawyer has no case, the business man no problem which he carries into the drawing-room or to the dinner table.

Men and women are deeply interested and thoroughly informed on internal and international parties; questions of party success, of the motives of party leaders, of the speech of the rising young statesman and hope of his organization, of foreign policies and the motives of foreign diplomats and rulers and the possibility of complications and wars and what would honorably make for peace and whether it is necessary to be ready to fight, are all ripe topics.

In other circles are brilliant or at least interesting discourses upon the opera or the play or the leader in the newspaper or books or authors.

These conversations are quite often enlivened by personal anecdote and contributions of historic importance concerning measures and motives which have leaked out from Cabinet meetings or party conferences.

We all know how different it is with us, where the intense absorption of every faculty upon the main chance makes stock brokers consort with their customers and lawyers with their clients and the traders with their like, to burden each other by contributing profitless discussion of the profits and losses of the day.

This limits our women—who are easily, when they have the opportunity, the best and brightest conversationalists in the world—to the frivolities of fashion or entertainment, or the opera—where they find a bit of human interest in gossip behind a fan while the tenor or soprano fills the auditorium.

NEW YORK CITY.

Reception

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

A MAGDALEN, the scarlet Day
Knocked at Eve's convent bars;
Comes Twilight, penitent in gray,
Telling her beads, the stars.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, NOTRE DAME, IND.

Literature

Tales of the Sea

Of four recent books that contain stories, true or imaginary, of adventure on the high seas, that by Mr. Arthur Colton[1] is much the most diverting. Captain Buckingham, of Greenough, Long Island, a smallish man of fifty, with a bronzed face, a glimmer in his eye and a delicious vein of humor, unbosoms himself of his wanderings and the things that befell him over all *The Belted Seas,* and is himself the best part of the adventures he relates. As a lad of eighteen, he says:

"I was a wild one, tho not large, but limber and clipper-built, and happy any side up; and my notion of human life was that it was something like a cake-walk and something like a Bartlett pear, as being juicy anywhere you bit in."

How he went to sea with an ecclesiastical-looking pirate, how they scuttled the ship to keep her from the Spanish gunboat, how a tidal wave landed the good ship, "Helen Mar," bottom side up among the foothills of the Andes, and how Captain Buckingham and Stevey Todd kept her as a hotel, how they ran his realm for the King of Torre Ananias —always in search of their eternal fortunes, so that they could go back home and settle down—form the beginning of the breeziest sea tale of many a year. The dry, whimsical old captain spins a yarn worth hearing.

Mr. Morgan Robertson's stories gathered in the volume styled *Down to the Sea*[2] are in the last degree ingenious in construction and clever in the telling. They have, however, two serious faults: they are so far-fetched, so very remote and unlikely, that they lack the interest of possible happenings; and, except for the adventures of Finnegan, they are painful to the point of being disagreeable. "Fifty Fathoms Down," for instance, tells of a submarine, partly flooded through a collision while running awash, and of her commander's courage in expelling his men through the torpedo tubes. Follow twenty pages of chemistry, narrating with immense ingenuity how Breen converted the sea water into gases, started electric fans, dried off motors, and conducted a course of chemical reactions impossible for the unlearned to follow, and, in a fortnight or so of hideous suffering, reached the surface and was exonerated by the Board of Inquiry from misuse of Government property. "The Enemies" details a course of surgical treatment, involving years of misery, through which a man goes to the end of inflicting a memorable vengeance on the man who had stolen and then abandoned his boyhood's sweetheart. Mr. Robertson's tales of iron ships, in short, are far more clever and powerful than his earlier stories of wooden ships, but they are not so good reading.

Alone of the four books in hand, Mr. Rowland's *The Wanderers*[3] is a novel—that is, to the extent of having heroes and heroines; yet it by no means fulfills the promise of its first chapters. Brian Kinard kidnaps his own yacht, claimed by an unloved half-brother, and he and Arthur Brown, an American marine painter and rover, take on board two derelict (and attractive) American girls and cruise through the Mediterranean. But first they are detained at Gibraltar to fight duels with Spanish officers, and the book is a third over before they are under way. The projected trading cruise in the South Seas, which would have afforded unrivaled possibilities for a yarn of commerce, adventure and love combined, comes to nothing. Instead Brown and Kinard have a wild chase after their own yacht, stolen from under their eyes; and the tale ends, rather weakly for the hero, after a typhoon in the Indian Ocean. On the whole, an unpretending

[1] The Belted Seas. *By Arthur Colton.* New York: Henry Holt & Company. Pp. 312. $1.50.

[2] Down to the Sea. *By Morgan Robertson.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 312. $1.25.

[3] The Wanderers. *A Novel. By Henry C. Rowland. Frontispiece in Colors by Charlotte Weber.* Pp. 392. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.

Turkey Buzzard. From Job's "Wild Wings." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

tale, entertaining for an hour or two, agreeable in its main personages, pleasantly written, abundantly varied in its kinds of interest and giving promise of better work in future.

The sea-journals and log-books kept by the captains that sailed out of Salem last century have furnished Mr. Trow with materials for a volume of only modate interest.[4] They were stalwart and resourceful men, and they bore a great part in developing American commerce and trade with Asia; and this collection of anecdotes, quotations and character-sketches serves the worthy purpose of conveying a fairly good idea of the manner of men they were and the era in which they lived. Dipping into it here and there, one finds glimpses of a more heroic era; but as a whole this rambling volume has little to attract and nothing to hold the general reader.

Bird Life

FROM the examination of specimens to the study of life is the great step which has been taken during the last few years in many branches of biological science, and especially in ornithology. We came to realize that the plates in Audubon were not all that could be desired; that cabinets of bird skins, however necessary for classification, did not carry us much further toward acquaintance with the real bird. From "stuffed" birds, each stiff and formal on its perch, we advanced to the attractive and realistic groups with wax foliage and glass water which adorn our own museum; from a bird in a small cage to whole families flying freely in our park aviaries. The next step was to call upon the birds at their homes, instead of bringing them to us under unnatural conditions. This we cannot all of us find time to do and so we have to visit the birds by proxy.

There have always been bird watchers, but what we could get from them depended upon their powers of verbal description and ours of visual imagination. But now the new sport of hunting with the camera has brought us nearer to feral life than was before possible. Our sportsman President in a letter prefaced to Mr. Job's *Wild Wings*[1] approves of this substitution of the camera for the gun and says, "The older I grow the less I care to shoot anything except 'varmints'." Mr. Job's range is a wide

[4] THE OLD SHIPMASTERS OF SALEM. *With Mention of Eminent Merchants. By Charles E. Trow.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. 337. Illustrated. $2.50.

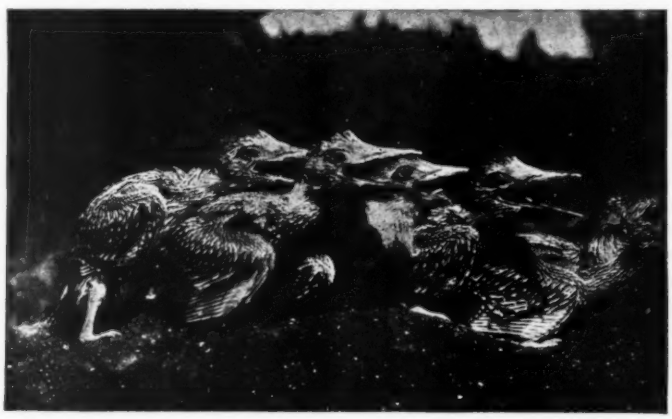
[1] WILD WINGS. *Adventures of a Camera-Hunter Among the Larger Wild Birds of North America on Sea and Land. By Herbert Keightley Job.* 160 Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $3.00.

one; from the haunts of the heron among the Florida keys to the seal islands of Nova Scotia he photographs and describes the birds of the Atlantic coast. If any one thinks that the new sport lacks excitement and the zest of danger he should read the narrative of this enthusiastic hunter with the lens. His style of "hawking" is a great improvement over that of the ladies of the Middle Age. His photographs of egrets, ibises, terns, buzzards and petrels, in nest or in flight, are both beautiful as pictures and interesting from the difficulty of obtaining such snap shots of wild birds.

Until we get color photography it is hard to see how book illustration can ever improve upon *Wild Wings* and the similar work on the *Home Life of Wild Birds*.[2] Mr. Herrick does not go so far afield as Mr. Job. He makes a closer study of our common birds, the wren, the robin, the bluebird, the kingfisher, the cedar-bird and others, using the method which he devised of placing the nesting bough in front of a green tent containing the camera. In this way he is enabled to watch the nest at close range all day and take snap shots under the best conditions of light and position. Professor Herrick gives full details of his apparatus and many suggestions for such life studies, as well as the results of his own observation and thought on the habits and instincts of birds. As he is a scientific man he avoids the error, now so common, of ignoring the distinction established by Plato between featherless and feathered bipeds, and so does not ascribe to birds the thoughts and feelings of civilized man.

Of an older fashion, but not out of fashion, is the *Bird Lore*[3] of Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, wherein the former assistant master of Harrow chats pleasantly of the owls and cuckoos, ducks and magpies of the County of Dorset. Birds are interesting to him chiefly in their relation to human beings and he interweaves with his ornithology an abundance of historical allusions, poetical quotations and personal reminiscences—altogether a very delightful mixture. In his chapter on the raven he begins with those of Noah and Odin, and after catching on the way down all the ravens in history, poetry and folk lore, including Elijah's, King Arthur's and Poe's, he concludes by telling what he has himself seen in the nests of Dorset.

Less erudite but somewhat similar in style is Mr. Torrey's story of his rambles from Mount Washington to the Everglades in acceptance of *Nature's Invitation*.[4] Altho his gaze is ostensibly fixed



"The King Row." Five Kingfishers in Line, Illustrating Habit of Sitting Still. Birds Shown are Thirteen Days Old. From Herrick's "The Home Life of Wild Birds." (Putnam's)

[2] THE HOME LIFE OF WILD BIRDS. *A New Method of the Study and Photography of Birds. By Francis Hobart Herrick.* 160 Illustrations. Revised edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

[3] BIRD LIFE AND BIRD LORE. *By R. Bosworth Smith.* New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.

[4] NATURE'S INVITATION. *Notes of a Bird-Gazer, North and South. By Bradford Torrey.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.10.

upon the birds, he has a sharp eye out for trees and animals and the idiosyncrasies of fellow-men. He uses an opera glass instead of a camera for watching the birds, but he is so skilful at drawing pen pictures that we see more through his eyes that we would in the best of photographs. The chapters on Texas, Arizona and Mexico deserts are of especial interest, for this ground has not been trod so often by the literary naturalist as New Hampshire and Florida.

Books on Sports

SINCE 1885 in England the Badminton Library has year by year been discussing sports and pastimes with the gravity and thoroughness demanded by the true sportsman. But these volumes are in many ways unfitted for reference on this side of the water, and the excellent series[1] now being published by Macmillan, under the editorship of Mr. Caspar Whitney, editor of *Outing*, promises to successfully cover out of door sports as known to Americans.

Of the eight volumes before us four are on hunting. *The Sporting Dog*, a technical work on the different hunting breeds in use in the United States, gives accounts of the most famous in bench shows and field tests and a suggestive chapter on training. *Guns, Ammunition and Tackle* is again technical, with papers by specialists in the different departments, the shotgun, the rifle, pistol, revolver and with three fine colored plates for the chapter on the artificial fly. *Ox, Bison, Sheep and Goat*, being made up of an essay by Caspar Whitney, two by Owen Wister and one by George Bird Grinnell, is quite as entertaining to the stay-at-home hunter as to the wanderer over ice field, mountain and plain. *The Still Hunter*, by T. S. Van Dyke, studies exhaustively that difficult and truly scientific sport, and is most originally illustrated by diagrams with deer or hunter enlarged to show the manifold mistakes in this business which can be made by the man—the deer is less apt to make them. How to select, train and ride a saddle horse is clearly and practically explained by Mr. Edward L. Anderson by means of print and photography, and in the latter half of the same volume Mr. Price Collier not only tells how to drive single, double and four, but also gives a large amount of practical information on the care of horses in sickness and in health, shoeing, harnessing, feeding and stabling. *The American Thoroughbred* includes a very comprehensive history of racing in the United States from George Washington to August Belmont.

Yachting, by W. P. Stephens, gives the genesis of the modern yacht from the sloops of Gloucester and Salem and the sailboats of the Hudson. There are accounts of the more noted shipbuilders and of the development of the different styles of vessels as well as the story of the cup races and a chapter on the power boats of recent date.

The book on *Lawn Tennis* will be valuable to every player of the game for the many clear illustrations and the comments on the styles of the best players, both English and American.

Mr. Dwight W. Huntington's *Our Big Game*[2] is a companion book to his "Our Feathered Game," and brims with vivid stories and adventures with grizzlies, moose, polar bear, wildcats, bison and other big game. He is a naturalist, a hunter and a raconteur, and leaves the reader with but one desire—another book of the same sort.

"The secret of the charm of angling is found in the angler's preference for studying rather than destroying his favorite species." So says Mr. Bradford,[3] who is a practical fisherman, with a good dash of idealism. He knows about equipment and times and seasons and what medicine to carry on trips, and as to flies and bait. He knows the pleasure of a fire on the seashore and the sea bass broiling thereon. His en-

[1] THE SPORTING DOG, *by Joseph A. Graham.* GUNS, AMMUNITION AND TACKLE, *by Capt. A. W. Money and others.* MUSK OX, BISON, SHEEP AND GOAT, *by Caspar Whitney, George Bird Grinnell and Owen Wister.* THE STILL HUNTER, *by T. S. Van Dyke.* AMERICAN YACHTING, *by W. P. Stephens.* LAWN TENNIS, *by J. Parmly Parot and William Harvey Maddren.* RIDING AND DRIVING, *by E. L. Anderson and P. Collier.* THE AMERICAN THOROUGHBRED, *by Charles E. Trevothane.* American Sportsman's Library, illustrated. New York: Macmillan. $2.00 each.

[2] OUR BIG GAME. *By Dwight W. Huntington.* Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

[3] THE ANGLER'S SECRET. *By Charles Bradford.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

thusiasm colors every chapter. The atmosphere and the interest are not of the town, and at times the English is not.

Another Hardy Garden Book. By Helena Rutherford Ely. With 49 full page illustrations from photographs 16mo, pp xv, 243. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

The author's first "Hardy Garden Book" was deservedly popular, and this, its successor, shows the same intelligent, practical commonsense. The kitchen garden chapter is probably the most useful one in the book. It is valuable because the directions are so much simpler and easier to understand and remember than those in the catalogs or more elaborate garden books. The chatty style, with the occasional receipt for cooking the vegetable, as also given in "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden," gives an added interest to the chapter. The rules for planting trees and the advice about the use of native trees are both sensible and valuable. The short selected lists of garden fruits and fruit trees, perennials, lilies and vines will be found most helpful to those planting a new garden. But the charm of the book rests in the reader's companionship with an intelligent, agreeable woman, who loves her garden.

A Single Blossom of Anemone Japanica Whirlwind. From Ely's "Another Hardy Garden Book." (Macmillan)

The Teaching of Biology. By Francis E. Lloyd and Maurice E. Bigelow. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

Altho the teaching of biology in secondary schools is engaged in by many hundreds of teachers in this country, the possibility of there being a science of teaching the subject is probably realized by very few of them. The method of the old-time teacher of botany, who was interested primarily in classifying plants, and the method of the modern university-trained teacher of biology, who tries to repeat with his classes of young pupils the work he did himself in college, each has passed in its own time as the proper method, but both have failed to bring results which the native interest of human beings in biological phenomena would seem to insure. The authors of *The Teaching of Biology,* from their peculiar vantage point of being teachers in an institution which has for one of its functions the scientific study of methods of instruction, have given to the teaching public an elaborate and intensely interesting exposition of the claims of biology in the fields of general education. For the high school teacher who has been struggling against possibly discouraging circumstances, too busy and too exhausted with the labor of keeping his few little cogs of public school machinery well-oiled and moving to give deep thought to what he is actually doing, Professors Lloyd and Bigelow have performed a service which cannot be overestimated. The overcrowded, and the sometimes ill-trained, teacher loses faith in his subject in a few years after leaving college unless he can keep in touch with the spirit of learning. It is to his great advantage, also, to have an opportunity like the one offered in this book to inform himself concerning the philosophical principles which underlie the teaching of his subject in order that he may justify to himself and to others the employment of the science of biology as a part of the general scheme of education.

Golden Bantam Corn, Early and Sweet. From "How to Make a Vegetable Garden" (Fullerton). Doubleday, Page

How to Make a Vegetable Garden. A Practical and Suggestive Manual for the Home Garden. By Edith Loring Fullerton. 250 illustrations. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00.

The possibilities of photographic illustration of plant life were never realized until the appearance of *Country Life in America* and the *Garden Magazine.* One might think that picture of vegetables and tools would be unattractive and uninteresting, but that would be before he understood how Doubleday, Page & Co. print them. If there is anything mentioned in this book that is not illustrated we fail to find it. One can save on the gardener's wages because it can be put into the hands of one who is entirely illiterate. But we must not omit to add that besides being a good picture book, it contains practical and detailed directions for making the best use of a small garden from the preparation of the soil to the cooking of the vegetables. Many a commuter will find the book useful this summer.

How to Know Wild Fruits. A Guide to Plants when not in flower by means of fruit and leaf. By Maude Gridley Peterson. Illustrated by Mary Elizabeth Herbert. 12mo, pp. xliii, 340. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 50 net.

We have examined every one of the 80 wood cuts in this volume, and must pronounce them correct and helpful, altho, of course, they lack the help of color; but that would involve a much heavier price. It is a book chiefly for amateurs, for summer and autumn visitors in the country, where time does not allow to follow the growth of the plant or tree from the blossom, and so it is not a book for accomplished botanists. Accordingly, while descriptions of three hundred fruit-bearing plants are careful and scientific enough, and a key will send the botanist to the order and species, the plants are arranged for the use of the casual student by the color of their fruits, after the style of Mrs. Dana's book for flowers, which is perhaps the most convenient way for those for whom the book is intended. It meets a want, and we are glad to recommend it as a useful guide.

The St. Lawrence River. Historical—Legendary—Picturesque. By George Waldo Browne. Illustrations and map. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

The oldest known of American rivers has had to wait until now for a volume devoted to description, and, considering the number of tourists who visit some part of it every summer, there should be

A Spill on the Toboggan Slide. From Browne's "The St. Lawrence River." (Putnam's)

a demand for such a book as this. Mr. Browne manifests no great originality or literary power, but he weaves together history and geography, legend and description with sufficient skill to make it all readable to one who has any interest in the subject. The plan of describing the river from the ocean to the lake is a good one, for it enables the author to bring into his story almost in chronological order the men whose names are associated with the great river, beginning with Cartier, who discovered and named the Bay of Saint Laurens, and Champlain, who founded Quebec, and thence on in current of history to Frontenac, La Salle, Wolfe and Montcalm. Further up the river he introduces to us the *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois,* and finally, among the Thousand Islands, he tells of the wars of the Algonquins and Iroquois.

A Stampede. From "The Outlet," by Andy Adams. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Outlet. By Andy Adams. Illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

There have been so many foolish romances written of the Wild West, from the lurid dime novel to the milder but no more truthful stories of sentimental cowboys now popular, that it is refreshing to find books like Mr. Adams's which deliver a round, unvarnished tale without an artificial plot and adventitious incidents. They are the real historical novels, for they record a state of society now vanished but not so far in the past but that it remains in the memory of men. It has only been some twenty years since long horned cattle were being driven overland from Texas to Kansas and Nebraska, but the scenes described in this book are as completely in the past as the crusades. Mr. Adams has not the picturesque style of Owen Wister, but he tells of the dangers of the great drive, from stampedes, from alkali water, from drought, from flood and from men, in a straightforward and convincing way.

Garden Colour. Spring, by Mrs. C. W. Earle. Summer, by E. V. B. Autumn, by Rose Kingsley. Winter, by Hon. Vicary Gibbs. Notes and Water Colour Sketches by Margaret Waterfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.00.

This elegantly printed volume with

over fifty full-page illustrations in color has a double value, for its beauty and for the practical information it gives on the selection and grouping of garden plants for color effects. The flowers and foliage plants which are available in each season of the year are arranged by months, so that by proper care the garden need never appear barren or *en déshabillé*. The directions, which are written for English conditions, will doubtless have to be modified somewhat for our very different climate, or rather climates, but this does not seriously impair the usefulness of the work. From the large amount of information furnished any one will be able to select the flowers best suited for borders, designs, screens, picking, massing, or whatever his special object may be.

Roma Beata. By Maud Howe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

It would be difficult to find more vivid, sympathetic or delightful pictures of modern Roman life than the flashlight impressions one gets in Mrs. Elliott's *Roma Beata*. Out of a mass of material, contained in letters written home during a seven years' residence in Rome, she has chosen with a sure knowledge bits of history, gossip and description which, deftly woven into a connected narrative, give a singularly complete idea of the life, in a foreign city, of one whose lively sympathy embraces a heterogeneous multitude of which the Pope and a crabbed hunchback cabman are mere units. And these pictures are all surrounded by the unmistakable atmosphere of Rome, modern Rome, which is at the same time pagan and medieval. The telephone was at first a shock to Mrs. Elliott's sensibilities as being blatantly modern, but when, through this despised invention, she was asked with hesitation if she objected to meeting a certain Frenchman who was charged with possessing "the evil eye," she was consoled; Rome is not yet too Christian. As we read these graphic descriptions we remember the very scent and sound of the Eternal City, an indescribable odor of antiquity and freshly sprinkled flowers, a confused murmur of flowing water and many cheerful, babbling voices. In unfolding her pleasant life in an old Roman palace Mrs. Elliott has achieved a style, very rare among American authors, which is delicate, bright and witty, but without a taint of flippancy. She saves herself from being superficial by her insight into the character of an alien people and by her abiding memory of their historical background. She has also added a soupçon of science to her potpourri by an intelligent account of some excavations in the Forum. But the hospitable home with its human interests, its native servants, its many guests, its pets from Jeremy Bentham, the tortoise, to Pan, the nightingale, dominates all.

Literary Notes

THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the establishment of the publishing business of Silver, Burdett & Co. was celebrated recently by a luncheon given by Edgar O. Silver to 100 of his business associates, past and present.

....Ranke's "History of the Reformation in Germany," translated by Sarah Austin and edited by R. A. Johnson, is published in a single well-printed volume of nearly 800 pages for $1.50. This gives an opportunity for any one to add this standard work to his library.

....Mr. Edward J. Wheeler will assume editorial control of *Current Literature* in July. Mr. Wheeler has made such a great success of the *Literary Digest*, which he has edited for ten years, that there is no doubt he will bring his new magazine rapidly to the front. Mr. Francis Whiting Halsey, author of "Old New York Frontier," takes the position of managing editor of the *Digest*.

....Those who may be incited to adopt the sport of "land cruising," so enthusiastically described on another page, will find very useful the "Automobile Good Roads and Tours," published by the Hartford Rubber Works Company (Hartford, Conn. $2.00). It gives in convenient form detailed directions for following the best automobile routes from Montreal to Washington and from Portland, Me., to Cleveland, O., with information as to hotels and garages, and other advice to motorists.

....The effort to establish at Atlanta a high-class negro magazine deserves notice. *The Voice of the Negro* has not as much money behind it as some other magazines, but it is intellectually strong and most creditable, as might be assured from such editors and contributors as Professors DuBois, J. W. E. Bowen and Kelly Miller. Professor DuBois has a very interesting subject in "Slavery in Greece and Rome." We wish he had told us how numerous were negro slaves and how far their blood has mingled in Italian veins.

Editorials

The Uprising in Philadelphia

HAVING learned from an honest and vigilant press that they were about to be robbed of $100,000,000, and that they and their descendants to the third generation were to be taxed for the enrichment of a band of thieves, the people of Philadelphia revolted. They were familiar with municipal robbery, having submitted to it for many years, but it now appears that there were limits beyond which their corrupt bosses could not safely pass. The growing protest of the people, persistently stimulated by uncorrupted and fearless newspapers, found support, somewhat unexpectedly, in a Mayor whom the bosses and their followers had elected by the customary fraudulent vote. Failing to measure correctly the force of this popular revolution, the bosses and their corporation allies unwisely proceeded, by means of their willing tools in the Councils, to complete their raid upon the people's pockets.

Fortunately, the Mayor had not yet been deprived of his rightful powers, altho a boss-controlled Legislature and an unworthy Governor have taken measures to make his successor a mere figurehead. He promptly removed from office the men upon whom the ring chiefly relied for local political influence and the sinews of corrupt war. By the severest social ostracism, together with effective menace, there were gained for the cause of honesty enough Councilmen to sustain the Mayor's veto of the infamous gas lease. Before the final vote could be taken the conspirators acknowledged defeat by withdrawing the proposed contract, hoping thus to save the ring's "machine" from utter wreck.

The fight is not ended, but the people of Philadelphia have won the first round of it. No longer do they deserve to be called "corrupt and contented." But their righteous discontent must be nourished and sustained if they are to win anything more than a temporary victory over the corrupt forces that have made their city, with respect to its government, a byword and a reproach. Now is their opportunity to make themselves free. A grand uprising is led by a strong press and by a Mayor who has burned his bridges behind him. He must go forward, and we are confident that he really desires to do so. If he should turn back, it would be to ruin and obscurity. Pressing on, both the Mayor and his people will have the earnest sympathy and plaudits of every American municipality and every honest and enlightened American citizen.

What is needed first in Philadelphia is the organization of the honest citizens of every ward for war upon the thieves. Only by means of such organization can there be any progress toward a reform of those election abuses which support the bosses and the ring. It is not enough by social ostracism and threats to make a scoundrelly Councilman cast one honest vote; an honest man must be elected in his place. And honest men must be sent to the Legislature at Harrisburg, for the city bosses are powerful there. Philadelphia needs a system of personal registration. The voting lists have been under the control of the offscourings of the town. Even burglars have padded them to serve the purposes of the ring. At some recent elections as many as 80,000 fraudulent votes have been cast. It is by such dishonesty at the polls that the city has been made to sustain a chief boss so heartless that he withheld from public use for a year or more an appropriation sorely needed for the prevention of deadly typhoid infection, simply because the conditions of the time did not permit him to control the expenditure of the money. He was morally responsible for hundreds of deaths. In the public press he was held responsible

for them, but no proof of such guilt could disturb his mind.

Absolutely necessary, therefore, are the reforms which will give Philadelphia honest elections. They can be obtained only by persistent and earnest effort, by continuous organization, by appeals to the Legislature, by the exertion without cessation of all the influences that good citizens can command. And the only issues at city elections should be those of the municipality. National questions should not be involved. The inquiry should be not whether a candidate for local office is a supporter of the protective tariff, but whether he stands for honest municipal government and will shut the door against thieves.

It is unfortunate that in arousing and in keeping alive that public sentiment and that civic interest which are indispensable for the promotion of political and municipal reform, the people of Philadelphia must contend against the hostile influence of great corporations. Last week they applied pressure of various kinds to unworthy and traitorous Councilmen. No more remarkable exhibition of social ostracism and business boycotting and public denunciation, all for a good purpose, was ever seen in an American city. But these men were only the tools of others more powerful, who had elected them (by fraud, in many instances) merely in order that their votes might be available for corrupt projects, such as gas leases and the like.

Have any of these other men been ostracised in Philadelphia? Through all this controversy has not the chief boss himself, who "jammed" the gas lease ordinance through the Councils, continued to be the intimate friend and almost constant companion of that Senator of the United States, a graduate of one of our greatest universities, who is a resident of the city which the ring sought to plunder?

And the officers of the great corporation which proposed the lease, and for whose benefit, in part, it was accepted by the subservient Councils—have any of them been ostracised? Much of the good work against the conspirators who sought to fasten this lease upon Philadelphia for 75 years has been done by the citizens' Committee of Seventy. The chairman of this Committee, Mr. Winston, a Quaker merchant of large fortune, sought to employ special counsel for his organization. He has published the story of his search. One prominent lawyer after another (he gives their names) declined to serve because of their relations, direct or indirect, with the great corporation (the United Gas Improvement Company) that proposed the lease, or with the capitalists interested in it. At last he was compelled to employ counsel in New York. These gentlemen who declined to serve are not, of course, assisting the citizens who are protesting against the job. Do they not deserve a little of the ostracism to which the Councilmen have been subjected?

Mr. Winston also reports his interviews with several prominent officers of leading financial corporations, whom he urged to assist the Committee. He gives their names. All of them declined because their financial interests were involved in one way or another with those of the United Gas Improvement Company or its directors. Are they to learn by any forcible expression of popular opinion that they are regarded as enemies of the public welfare?

One Councilman deserted the bosses because his wife was shunned by her neighbors and his children heard at school the cry, "Your father's a gas thief!" Another was converted because only two or three men continued to buy drinks in his saloon. Such punishment appears to be just, and for the moment it has been effective. But if the people of Philadelphia are to secure permanent freedom, their ostracism of civic traitors must not be confined to the tools placed by the bosses in the Councils.

The Great Japanese Victory

For once the news of a great battle will carry joy to Mr. Smiley's peace conference at Mohonk Lake, for it brings us hope that the terrible war which insults Christianity and humanity is nearing its end.

Apparently it is a complete and overwhelming victory for Japan. No matter how one's sympathies may follow the new island Empire, one cannot withhold

a meed of admiration for the courage, to rashness, which carried Rojestvensky's fleet from the Baltic into the very jaws of the Korean Strait. It was a desperate venture, and doubtless the Russian Admiral believed that he had the better ships and the heavier guns. But he could not have believed that he had the better men. Behind Togo stood the advantage of training and experience, added to the test of far superior intelligence and patriotism. The Japanese officers had made the most complete study of naval tactics, and their men were ready to die for Nippon.

We give elsewhere the first rough estimate of the fruit of this victory. It ends Russian hopes of equality at sea for years, until a new fleet can be created. As a sea Power Russia is annihilated. Japan still rules the Pacific, and there is not a battleship or cruiser that can prevent her from supplying her army in Manchuria. Now she can proceed with leisurely fatality to invest and capture Vladivostok and to seize Sakhalien and the entire Amûr and Siberian coast to Kamchatka. Japan can now give her undisturbed effort to the expulsion of the Russians from Manchuria; and the end of the fighting, if not of the war, must be near. Russia's only last chance now is to retire beyond Lake Baikal, and reorganize both fleet and army, hoping to renew the conflict five or ten years hence, and with scarce any better prospect of success.

But what an outlook this is for Japan! What an Empire she will have! For we cannot doubt that the entire Russian coast will be Japanese, and Russia utterly driven from the Pacific. The Japanese demands would have been heavy six months ago; they will be much heavier now. When THE INDEPENDENT first said that Japan might claim the region east of the Amûr River it seemed like an extravagant claim; now it is only moderate. The case will stand: Formosa on the south; Saghalien on the north; Japan between, and no fear from our possession of the Philippines; then the control of Port Arthur, and the possession of Korea and Amûr and the Siberian coast will present an absolute bar to all hopes of Russian influence on the Pacific. Only on Mongolia, in further Asia, can Russia cast a longing eye; and there she will have to meet an awakened China, who will, in the future years, have to be reckoned with—not much longer an Eastern Sick Man.

But we believe that this result will hasten a real peace; for we believe that the utter collapse of the war party in Russia will make for liberty and reform and internal rather than external expansions. Terribly is it needed. Some strong man will arise who will control the kaleidoscopic weakness and vagaries of the indecisive Czar. The revolution will take new force, and a constitutional Government will be slow to stir more war. The Russian defeat is a great Russian blessing, and a blessing to the rest of the world.

The Standard of Human Worth

IN his interesting discussion of the near future of American society, published in THE INDEPENDENT a week ago, Professor Ross ventured a prediction that efficiency would become the mark, or standard, of human worth in America.

We are passing through a period of mammon worship, in which men and women are socially graded according to the money that they possess. Professor Ross gives good reasons for believing that this period cannot last. He says truly also that aristocracy has passed away, and with it the grading of men according to distinctions of birth, and that culture, or the mere power to enjoy, can never become a universal standard of human excellence.

We suspect, however, that in selecting efficiency, or the power to do, as the standard destined to prevail, Professor Ross has been influenced by that Western spirit, of which he is himself a fine example, to a greater extent than he realizes. He shows how the West has hitherto molded American life. Beginning with the first advance of population beyond the Alleghanies, the tides of migration swept across the Mississippi Valley and the great plains to the Pacific Coast, and the movement was unchecked until, in the early nineties, the last free homesteads in the rain belt were taken up. In that vast Western land men found opportunity, they were equal, they

were independent. The social life evolved was that of a reliant democracy. Men were valued as men, and not for their possessions. The power to do was the prime condition of success and of happiness. Efficiency was the standard of human worth.

For more than two generations the West, radical, democratic, efficient, has been the master-power in our national life. Henceforward, however, Western conditions must approximate Eastern, and the nation as a whole must approximate the Old World civilization of Europe. Our social life can no longer be shaped by forces generated on the geographic frontier. They will be shaped by forces generated in the teeming centers of civilization.

Now the dominant fact in any established civilization that continues to make progress is the diversion into intellectual and moral channels of the energies of that variable, restless, adventure-loving, convention-breaking element which every community gives birth to, generation after generation. So long as there remains a physical frontier not too difficult of access, thousands of the restless spirits find their opportunity there. With the passing of the frontier they have to find new opportunities and new forms of expression, or they "break out" in lawless ways. They create a new life, or they explode. Collectively they are the force that transforms society when the avenues by which the discontented have hitherto escaped from society are closed. They are the force that will transform American society from this time on.

It is worth while, then, to call to mind some of the things that this collective force of radical spirits, the adventurous souls, the convention-breakers, have hitherto achieved for mankind when, unable to escape from society to some free frontier, they have been compelled to work in it and to transform it. To go back no more than two thousand years they created Christianity, a religion of protest, of radicalism, of both socialism and individualism; in short, of liberty. They lit the fires of the revival of learning, and of the Reformation. They emancipated the serf, and created parliamentary government. They threw the searchlights of the eighteenth century *Aufklärung* upon superstition, tyranny and outrage. In the storms of the French Revolution they swept away intolerable despotisms, and in the nineteenth century they have created an infinitely marvelous realm of scientific knowledge. Art, literature, religion, science, these all are the work of irrepressible spirits who, unable to escape from convention and tradition-bound society to any geographic frontier, have sought and found their liberty on the frontiers of the mind.

And here we come back to the question of standards. The standard of human excellence that these rare spirits create and hold aloft in the centers of established civilization is not that of efficiency. Themselves efficient beyond all measurement, they see in efficiency only a means to something of infinitely greater worth. That something, as the frontiersmen of the soul in every age have conceived it, is *genuineness.* To be one's self and not somebody else; to be natural and not distorted; to be fearless and not beholden to the powers of Philistia or of Mammon; to be honest not only in friendships and in commercial transactions, but also intellectually, and above all with one's self; these have been the marks, the standards of excellence, to the men and women that have achieved the work of social regeneration in the older communities.

And when one takes time to think the problem through, soberly and broadly, he is bound to see that this one standard of excellence—genuineness in all things—is the only one that can be accepted by vast and differentiated populations if they are to realize the ideal of a harmonious social life in which each individual lives sympathetically and helpfully with others. For the foundations of such a life are sincerity and naturalness, such as have hitherto been found in the social relations of the physical frontier. To remold our conventions and customs; to reformulate our laws; to recorrelate our institutions, so that in the centers of dense population, in the world as it will be when its geographic frontiers have vanished, every man shall yet have his chance and his freedom to be himself, to live his own life sincerely and

naturally and, therefore, sympathetically and helpfully; this is the work and this the way by which the life of mankind can still be made progressive and ever more worth while.

In a Strawberry Bed

You will walk tenderly; for the fruit lies almost as a carpet and we cannot have enthusiasts prancing about without consideration. To be sure, you are carried away with the new vision. You have been accustomed only to see strawberries in boxes—a little mussy and massy, and without individuality at all. You never before saw *a* strawberry, one great handsome fellow, lying on his side and looking up at you temptingly; but, as soon as you see one, twenty more are calling to you from their earth couch, in every stage of ripening—and then—why, really there are millions of them. Pretty soon you have grown cool enough to compare varieties as well as individuals. We shall let you do this for a while, for a feast of the eye in a strawberry bed is almost as good as a feast of the palate. In fact a few of the handsomer sorts are intended for shipment and are rather better to look at than to taste. They are the sorts we send to the cities and are selected because they are solid, rather than because they are sweet and fragrant.

Now a true strawberry is not often found in the cities. After living with strawberries, being a companion of fruit for a few years, we learn never to eat a Wilson, or a Crescent, or a Bismarck, or a Warfield; these we send to market. We ourselves have got away beyond that sort of berry and our educated taste requires a Marshall, or a Sample, or a Margaret, or a Climax. Ah, well we know the shades of flavor. A true strawberry does not need a touch of sugar; it contains in its own make up enough of granulated sweetness—more would only spoil its individuality.

What is that huge, rich red berry? Well, it is evident that you are beginning to be able to distinguish varieties. You are pointing at a Mark Hanna. It has a history, without politics in it. An Englishman, down in Virginia, is a dreamer. He dreamed for a long while of getting rich by selling plants. But after a while he became impatient with the mere routine of selling what others were also selling, and then he began to create new things for himself. He has brought into existence thousands of new strawberries—destroying most of them, of course—and of all that he has produced, you are looking at the supremest result. Mark Hanna is huge, but it is also delicious, and it yields immense crops. It combines in one about all strawberry ambition, is big, sweet, sound, high colored—and it is democratic. It does not believe in race suicide.

Next to it is Commonwealth, a new claimant for favor, of which they say that fourteen will sometimes fill a quart box. Next to that is Kittie Rice and the third in the row is Sample, both of these among the very finest products of the creative art in horticulture. Neither by looking nor by tasting can you tell which is finest? To be sure, and who can? The first is a New Englander, the second a Kentuckian, and the third has become so cosmopolitan that nobody cares where it came from. It will grow everywhere, in all sorts of soil, and stand neglect. In the next row are Beaver, Latest and William Belt, another trio of the highest achievements of horticultural art. Altogether you have just before your eye a half dozen strawberries hard to equal as yet in the whole world. But they will be equaled and they will be surpassed.

Nobody knows what is to be the future great strawberry. It is already ten times bigger than it was one hundred years ago, and, say what you will about them, the cultivated berry is just as delicious as any of those that used to grow in the meadows. To make it another ten times bigger would be to turn it into an apple, not to be eaten with cream, altho still good for shortcakes. But we may double the size, increase the richness of flavor and make it more hardy. The ideal strawberry just now is twenty to a quart—altho some sorts do better than that—plants as large as a peck measure, each yielding four quarts in a season, and in the rows looking very much like hills of potatoes.

You seem to be losing your enthusiasm. There is some excuse for it.

Strawberries should be discussed in two ways. Sit down on that turf and hold that huge rhubarb leaf in your hands. Here are samples of four of the best varieties. That is enough to begin with; you must learn to eliminate. You should not gobble down these divine gifts as the chickens do—but there! That is right! Try half of one, then half of another, and report conclusions. One can be very patient with a judge, under such conditions. Remember, all this while, that you do not have to eat strawberries in the country as you do in the city. There is enough and to spare. You can take your time about it and get well acquainted with each sort.

Senator Dunlap is another illustration of what we have called a cosmopolitan. It grows everywhere and it does well in all sorts of soils. There is something curious about this readiness of some things to adjust themselves to all sorts ot conditions. It is true of some larger fruits. The Red Astrachan, the Northern Spy, the Winesap, the Wealthy grow well in Florida orchards, and then again they are equally successful in the farthest Northern fields of Maine and Minnesota. It is exceedingly interesting to find that our Moore's Early, Worden, Niagara and other most hardy grapes thrive just as well in Texas and Georgia. The new Japan hybrid plums have a belt nearly as wide as the whole United States. You can grow the Burbank and the Climax from New Hampshire to New Orleans, and then again from California to Vancouvers Island. It is so among other plants. The dandelion, the blackberry and some of the clovers are at home about equally well from the Gulf of Mexico to the Klondike—while over them everywhere sing the bluebird and the robin, while the crows caw and the mourning doves drum in the distance.

Crawford says of the strawberry that it is "a cold-blooded plant," liking more a northern slope than a southern. But, after all, it is hard to find any place where you can grow beans and potatoes that you cannot grow this delicious berry. It belongs in the smallest garden, with only woman's fingers to tend it, and it belongs equally well on the prairies of Indiana and the foothills of Missouri, where it can constitute the entire lading of whole trains of cars, loaded at night and rushed to market before daylight. In Arkansas and Southern Missouri there are 6,500 acres of strawberries, 1,500 carloads in a single year from this section alone. One farmer reaped from 350 acres $100,000 in 1903. And yet the market demand is steadily on the increase. Everybody likes the strawberry. It is companionable, and to cultivate it teaches the grower many a lesson of thrift, care and precision.

Cathedrals and Minsters

"A PRESBYTERIAN CATHEDRAL" for Washington is what Justice Harlan proposed and for the erection of which he offered to give his active service. He had first suggested the plan and had received support and encouragement from distinguished Presbyterians over the country whom he had consulted on the matter. With this encouragement he presented the scheme to the General Assembly. But it had to be admitted, on the floor of the Assembly, that it was by no means clear that the Washington Presbytery was enthusiastic about it, and finally a committee was appointed to consider the matter for action at the meeting of the Assembly next year. The committee will consult with the Washington Presbytery and learn what are the objections, if any.

Some of the Presbyterians at Washington and elsewhere raised the pertinent question what use the denomination would have for a cathedral. The word seems to connote display and grandeur, while Presbyterians have a history of ecclesiastical simplicity. Would not the erection of a Presbyterian cathedral seem to imply an aping after the style and magnificence of a more ornate form of worship?

It seems to have been in view of such a criticism as this that Justice Harlan remarked to the Assembly that he was himself hardly pleased with the word *cathedral,* and that he would rather speak of it as a Presbyterian *minster.*

But does the word *minster* escape the ritualistic flavor of the word *cathedral?* A cathedral is properly a church which has a *cathedra,* or bishop's seat. Generally the church where the bishop has

his seat will be in a central city, and so will be larger and more sumptuous than others; but its essential characteristic is that it has a *cathedra,* or seat for the bishop. Even a small church may be a cathedral, if only the bishop makes it his seat. Now in the Presbyterian Church every pastor is a bishop, and so every Presbyterian church is a cathedral in the literal sense.

But a minster is a different thing. The word is not shortened from *minister,* but is derived from *monastery.* A minster is properly a monastery church, where the monks attend. A monastery church was likely to be a large and beautiful church, and often it was the seat also of the bishop, and so it might become a minster cathedral; but it was not the bishop, nor was it the amplitude of the building, nor the provision it gave for the common people, that made it a minster. It was a minster simply because monks worshiped in it.

Now Presbyterian audiences are not monks; a Presbyterian church is not a monastery church, a minster. It is for a plain, common minister of the same order and rank as ten thousand others, and for plain, common people, with husbands and wives and children, none of them monks. So the word *minster* does not help the matter at all; it makes it worse. You can claim that every Presbyterian church is the cathedral seat of a Presbyterian bishop, but you cannot make a monk of its bishop or monks of its worshipers.

But let us take the word *cathedral* in a very loose sense, simply as a big and grand church, superior in size and cost to any other of its denomination in the city, and what then should a Presbyterian cathedral be?

It certainly does not need to be a cathedral of the old style of architecture, built for impressive processions and ritual glory. Presbyterians, at least, want to maintain a different sort of worship. They believe in stately simplicity, in a plain, massive, Doric ritual. But they also believe in practical use. Their cathedral will not be for medieval show, but for the service of work. It must have a good audience room, as good as that of a theater, for good preaching, since preaching is the chief office of the Church. Its purpose is not to impress people with wonder or admiration, but to teach them the beauty of goodness. So it will require room for women and for children, for teachers and scholars, for clubs and guilds, for classes and culture, for sociability and pleasure. It must be a home for those who have no home of their own. It must provide place to do things for those who need things done. It should be a center for all benevolent work, where any one that needs will find the person who will give direction or help. Some people may think of it as a hospital or a nurses' school; others as a gymnasium or an employment bureau; others as a Young Men's or a Young Women's Christian Association, with its classes in a dozen forms of useful instruction; but whatever good it can do it will seek, and for it will require room. It will not be all sermon, prayer meeting and Sunday school. It will care little for towers and stained windows and arches and columns, but much for light and love. Such a great institution may not look like the cathedral of Cologne or of Milan, but it may be the modern substitute for the old cathedral; much more useful, the thing for the twentieth century—certainly not a minster.

International Conciliation

The indefatigable Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, whose work for international arbitration has made France the leader in the peace movement, has now founded a new society with the object of cultivating friendship between nations by personal and unofficial methods. "*Pro patria per orbis concordiam*" is its motto. and it is based upon the idea that the best way to defend one's country is to promote peace throughout the world. Realizing that many wars arise from trivial misunderstandings or falsified reports, it will be one of the purposes of the society "*de rectifier les informations inexact ou tendancieuses propagées pour égarer l'opinion,*" which, translated into American, is "to nail lies." Such an organization as this in Paris during the Spanish-American War would have been very useful. If this *Comité de Defense des Intérêts Nationaux et de Conciliation Internationale* attempts to stop all international scandal-mongering it will have enough to do carrying out the rest of its

program, which includes international visits on a large scale, the exchange of professors and pupils of the schools and colleges of different countries, the encouragement of the study of foreign languages, the establishment of an international review and a strangers' home in Paris. A very distinguished list of names heads the prospectus, among which some of the most familiar to us are Berthelot, Lombroso, Nansen, Sir Charles Lyall, Ernst Haeckel and Charles Richet in science; Paul Hervieu, Armand Sully-Prudhomme, Marcel Prevost, E. Rostand, Georg Brandés, Björnstjerne Björnson and Charles Wagner in letters, and among those prominent in the peace movement Léon Bourgeois, Duke of Marlborough, De Martens, F. Passy, Elie Ducommon and Baroness von Suttner. The American members are Andrew Carnegie, Seth Low and Nicholas Murray Butler.

Dr. Dixon's Reply

The Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Boston, made the following statement in a sermon which was printed in the papers:

"It is an open secret that when Mr. Rockefeller learned that a prominent representative of the Chicago University was tearing the Bible to pieces in a course of lectures, he ordered the lecturer to cancel his engagements and go to Europe for the purpose of purchasing a library."

In a letter to THE INDEPENDENT Professor Shailer Mathews told how Dr. Dixon had admitted that he referred to President Harper, and that when President Harper's categorical denial of the truth of the story was sent him, he refused to withdraw or make apology. We have now a long letter from Dr. Dixon in which he neither withdraws nor substantiates his charge, and therefore we do not feel obliged to publish it in full. He says:

"I received from Professor Mathews the following telegram:

'Dr. Harper denies unqualifiedly every statement in general and particular. Justice demands public correction.'

"I could not conscientiously correct the statement, for I had a chain of circumstantial evidence which would, I believe, convince a jury that it was true. So I wired in reply:

"'What I have said is true and more. Will write.'"

This promised letter Dr. Dixon sends us, with some omissions of what he calls "painful personalities," but it contains not one word, so far as given, to sustain his statement denied by President Harper. It is devoted to an attack on destructive criticism of the Bible as cultivated at Chicago. He says he is not concerned at Professor Mathews charging him with lying, for the Professor has been associated with "men of brains who have more than once intimated that the Bible has itself lied, and, finding myself in such distinguished company as Moses, Jonah and Paul, my spirits revived and I took courage." Dr. Dixon adds that he was to sail last Saturday for a month's rest in Switzerland and two months' work in London and Great Britain; and if the Chicago people want him to give the facts "concerning the general policy and inner workings of the Chicago University," they have only to make the fact known. We doubt not they would be glad to have him give his evidence as to the assertion denied by President Harper, but we presume they invite no man to open a general attack on the University. For that, however, the coast is clear and there is a free press and a yellow press.

Professor Mitchell's Case

It is a very serious condition in which the action of the bishops in the case of Prof. H. G. Mitchell puts the Methodist Church. This is the conclusion of their investigation:

"1. The evidence submitted to us is not sufficient to prove the first complaint—namely, that Professor Mitchell denies the deity of Christ.

"2. Some of the statements of Professor Mitchell concerning the historic character of the early chapters of the book of Genesis seem to us unwarranted and objectionable, and as having a tendency to invalidate the authority of other portions of the Scriptures. We therefore think there is some ground for the complaint on this head contained in the paper laid before us."

Accordingly they return his renomination to the trustees of the School of Theology in Boston University unconfirmed. Under the rule, as it appears to be understood, Professor Mitchell will cease to be a teacher there. This, we say, is

a very serious matter. Professor Mitchell's offense is that he does not teach "the historic character of the early chapters of the Book of Genesis." But who does believe them historic? Think of it, the world made in six "morning and evening" days; the man made out of clay, the woman from one of his ribs; the Lord walking about the garden in the evening; a "tree of life," and another "tree of the knowledge of good and evil"; a serpent tempting Eve; cherubim with flaming swords set to prevent man from securing immortality by eating the tree of life; Methuselah living 969 years; all the mountains under the whole heavens covered by the Flood; the ark alighting on Ararat; the confusion of tongues in fear lest men should build a tower to reach heaven—all these naïve primitive tales required to be historic! The Methodist Church cannot endure such chains. It must live, if it live at all, in the liberty of the knowledge of present day science. We do not wonder that the Methodist press seems stunned by the decision. It may be in accord with standards, but it is as absurd as the House of Lords' decision on the Free Church of Scotland; and it will equally have to be evaded somehow. As to the "tendency to invalidate other portions of the Scriptures," the Sermon on the Mount can take care of itself; it does not hang on the serpent or the ark. And equally every historical statement in the New Testament or Old must rest on credible evidence.

Professor Briggs has been to see the Pope, and is said to have had a long and free talk with him on higher criticism and the obstacles to reunion of Churches. We do not give too much credit to the report of the interview, according to which the Pope declared that one might disagree with points in Pius IX's famous Syllabus without becoming thereby a less good Catholic; but we do not question his desire to facilitate reunion. Professor Briggs has long held that reunion is not essentially impossible, and too many have thereby got the false notion that he was likely to join the Catholic Church.

We do not see that the English people have any great reason to complain of the letter of the boy-king of Spain to the Cardinal Archbishop of Barcelona, sympathizing with the latter's request to prevent the opening of a Protestant Church in Barcelona. The King says he is "deeply pained," and that he will do all he constitutionally can to nullify the project. But this is no worse than King Edward did when he was crowned, and pledged himself by an oath to oppose the Catholic faith and worship.

An English bishop who once had a half hour's talk with the Russian Procurator Pobiedonostzeff describes him as "an exceedingly able, astute and shrewd man, but a fossilized fossil." As he withdrew they passed by a corridor set with telegraphic and telephonic apparatus connecting with all parts of the Empire, and the head of the Russian Church remarked: "There you see the pest of civilization."

"Race pride and self-respect"; "Let politics alone"—can the two go together? But so wise people talk. Is it a fit teaching for Jews or Italians or negroes or Germans? If any class of our people respect themselves will they not feel like exercising their rights equally with other citizens? To forbid politics is to forbid self-respect.

The European critics explained the long succession of American victories for the "America" Cup by the charge that it was won by non-seagoing yachts, built for racing speed and not fit to risk the ocean. So the Emperor of Germany offered a cup for a transatlantic race, and quick enough were our yachtsmen to accept the challenge and win the cup. Congratulations to the "Atlantic."

Financial

Railway Peace Agreement

FOLLOWING the recent retirement of directors from several railway boards in which they represented the "community of interest" principle, it was announced last week that a peace agreement had been made by the Hill-Morgan (Northern Pacific and Great Northern) and the Harriman-Standard Oil (Union Pacific and Southern Pacific) interests. This agreement, it was asserted, would prevent transcontinental rate wars or any competitive invasion of disputed territory. An old dispute as to the development of the Nez Percés country in northern Idaho will be settled by the joint construction of from 300 to 500 miles of road in the district which has been the subject of controversy. It was also reported that the threatened extension of the St. Paul system to the Pacific Coast had been prevented by a traffic agreement with the two northern lines. The news had a favorable effect upon the stock market, causing an upward reaction, but the advances were not fully maintained.

Steel Rail Pool Dissolved

IT became known on the 24th that the Steel Rail Association or Pool had been dissolved. This combination, dominated by the Steel Corporation, included all the manufacturers except the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company, the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company and the Republic Steel Company. It fixed prices and allotted output, and for four years past it has required all American buyers to pay $28 per ton at the mill. But at the same time it has permitted rails to be sold for foreign delivery at from $19 to $22. As more than 2,000,000 tons have been ordered for this calendar year, and the allotments have been made, it is said that the price will be maintained for several months to come. Dissolution is reported to have been caused by President Roosevelt's decision as to the purchase of Panama Canal supplies and by the Government's preparations for a searching inquiry concerning combinations in the steel trade. Similar associations controlling the prices of billets, plates, structural steel and bars are still in existence.

Financial Items

THE longest through trolley line now in operation runs from Indianapolis to Lima, O., 188 miles. Second in length is the line from Cleveland to Toledo, 120 miles. There are 12 other interurban roads having from 50 to 80 miles of track.

....Among the stockholders of the Northern Securities Company, according to an official list recently published, are the Duke and the Duchess of Connaught, for about $1,100,000; the Marquis of Lansdowne, $1,300,000; the Duke of Argyll, $30,000; Lord Elphinstone, $1,800,000; Lord Roberts, $37,000, and Baron Rothschild, $3,200,000.

....J. N. Wallace, Fourth Vice-President, was last week elected President of the Central Trust Company of New York, in place of F. P. Olcott, who, owing to ill health, has resigned. Mr. Wallace is forty years old and entered the service of the company as a boy. He was made Assistant Secretary in 1898 and three years ago was elected Vice-President. The other officers of the company remain the same—namely, George Sherman, E. F. Hyde and B. G. Mitchell, Vice-Presidents, and George Bertine, Secretary. The Central Trust Company was established in 1875 and has a capital of $1,000,000 and surplus profits of over $14,000,000. The total resources are $61,866,080. The members of the Executive Committee are Charles Lanier, John S. Kennedy, Cornelius N. Bliss, Adrian Iselin, Jr., A. D. Juilliard, Samuel Thorne, Jas. N. Jarvie and William A. Read.

....Dividends announced:

Am. Car & Foundry Co. (Preferred), 1 1-6 per cent., payable July 1st.
U. S. Leather Co. (Preferred), $1.50 per share, payable July 1st.
Atch., Top. & S. F. Rway. Co. (Common), $2.00 per share, payable June 1st.
Underwood Typewriter Co. (Preferred), 3 per cent., payable June 10th.
Buff. & Susq. R. R. Co. (Preferred), 1 per cent., payable June 1st.
Buff. & Susq. Iron Co., Coupon No. 6, payable June 1st.
Am. Chicle Co. (Common), 1 per cent., payable June 15th.
Chicago, Grt. West. Rway. (Debenture 4's), $2.00 per share, payable July 15th.
Southern Pac. Co., Various Coupons, payable June 1st.
Iowa Cent. Rway. Co. (First Mort. Coupons), payable June 1st.
Minn. & St. Louis R. R. (Coupons), payable June 1st.

VACATION NOTES

Jamaica has long been preeminent as a winter resort. The place is destined to enjoy equal fame as a summer resort. Incredible as such a statement may appear it is nevertheless true that the summer time in several of the West Indian Islands, notably in Jamaica, is far less hot and uncomfortable than is the same season in New England. Jamaica has wonderful scenic beauty. The climate is healthful. The people are charming and hospitable. The travel facilities are good and English is spoken there. Jamaica reminds the tourist of the United States—it is so different. For illustrated booklet address the Passenger Department of the United Fruit Company, Long Wharf, Boston, Mass.

The charms of the Berkshire Hills as a summer resort are never failing. The Curtis Hotel at Lenox, Mass., is one of the most comfortable and homelike hotels in the Berkshire region. It is a substantial brick building with all the modern improvements, and the service and appointments are all that the most fastidious can desire.

For those who prefer the White Mountains the Maplewood Hotel and cottages at Maplewood, N. H., furnish a delightful sojourning place. It is a convenient center for all places of interest in the White Mountains, and hay fever is unknown in this region. There is a superior golf course and all the attractions of a first-class mountain resort.

It is safe to say that the owner of the prize Jersey cow in the dairy exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition enjoys his vacations more since he has used the United States Cream Separator. He says that for more than ten years he has been using this particular separator, and, in common with a multitude of dairymen and farmers, finds it is unsurpassed for farm purposes, being simple, durable and easily cared for. The Vermont Farm Machine Company, of Bellows Falls, Vt., who are manufacturers of the United States Cream Separator, will be pleased to give full information to all who are interested.

One of the most picturesque points on the New England coast is Rockport, situated at the extremity of Cape Ann. Turk's Head Inn is deservedly one of the most popular hotels at this resort. It has one hundred rooms, private baths and all the requisites for comfort and pleasure. C. B. Martin, of the Hotel Wadsworth, Boston, is the proprietor.

Travelers between Chicago and the Pacific Coast are partial to the North-Western Line, which furnishes its patrons the best of everything. It is the only double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River. Visitors to the Lewis and Clark Exposition are offered a choice of routes with special round-trip rates. Full information will be furnished by W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Ill.

DIED

TAPPAN—On May 25, William Aspinwall Tappan. Funeral at Congregational Church, Stockbridge, Mass., on Sunday, May 28, at 3 o'clock.

OBITUARY

William Aspinwall Tappan, grandson of Dr. William Aspinwall of Brookline, Mass., and son of Louis Tappan, Abolitionist, died on Thursday of last week, May 25th, in Stockbridge, Mass., aged eighty-five. Mr. Tappan was born in Brookline. He was living as a boy in his father's house in Rose Street, this city, when the house was attacked by a mob during the anti-slavery riots in 1833. He was connected with his father and uncle in the dry goods house of Arthur Tappan & Company. His estate in Lenox called Tanglewood contained the little Red House known as the Hawthorne Cottage where Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote "Tanglewood Tales." This cottage was destroyed by fire fifteen years ago. Mr. Tappan left two daughters, Miss Mary Tappan and Mrs. Richard C. Dixey of Lenox and Boston. A grandson of Mr. Tappan, Arthur Dixey, a recent graduate of Harvard University, was recently appointed secretary to Edward Morgan, United States Minister to Corea. Mr. Tappan's funeral was held in the First Congregational Church in Stockbridge on Sunday.

From Same Box

WHERE THE FOODS COME FROM.

"Look here, waiter, honest now, don't you dip every one of these flaked breakfast foods out of the same box?" "Well yes, boss, we dus, all 'cept Grape-Nuts, cause that don't look like the others and people know 'zackly what Grape-Nuts looks like. But there's 'bout a dosen different ones named on the bill of fare and they are all thin rolled flakes, so it don't make any difference which one a man calls for we just take out the order from one box."

This talk led to an investigation. Dozens of factories sprung up about three years ago making various kinds of breakfast foods, seeking to take the business of the original prepared breakfast food—Grape-Nuts. These concerns after a precarious existence nearly all failed, leaving thousands of boxes of their foods in mills and warehouses. These were, in several instances bought up for a song by speculators and sold out to grocers and hotels for little or nothing. The process of working off this old stock has been slow. One will see the names on menus of flaked foods that went out of business a year and a half or two years ago. In a few cases where the abandoned factories have been bought up there is an effort to resuscitate the defunct, and by copying the style of advertising of Grape-Nuts seek to influence people to purchase. But the public has been educated to the fact that all these thin flaked foods are simply soaked wheat or oats rolled thin and dried out and packed. They are not prepared like Grape-Nuts, in which the thorough baking and other operations which turn the starch part of the wheat and barley into sugar occupy many hours and result in a food so digestible that small infants thrive on it, while it also contains the selected elements of Phosphate of Potash and Albumen that unite in the body to produce the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centers. There's a reason for Grape-Nuts, and there have been many imitations, a few of the article itself, but many more of the kind and character of the advertising. Imitators are always counterfeiters, and their printed and written statements cannot be expected to be different than their goods.

This article is published by the Postum Co. at Battle Creek. Additional evidence of the truth can be supplied in quantities.

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Municipal & other Bonds & Stocks,	2,838,761.00	Reserve for Re-insurance, -	1,478,071.01
Loans on Bond & Mortgage, etc.	628,500.00	All other Liabilities, - -	233,986.84
Cash in Banks and Office, -	212,650.83	NET SURPLUS, - -	1,199,685.49
Uncollected Premiums, etc. -	205,581.51		
	$3,911,743.34		**$3,911,743.34**

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JANUARY 1, 1905.

CASH INCOME		DISBURSEMENTS	
Premiums	$5,097,183.14	Death Claims	$1,115,833.78
Interest and Rents	1,383,088.38	Dividends and Annuities	320,959.01
Considerations for Annuities	414,742.02	Endowments and Surrender Values	998,295.92
		Taxes, Commissions and all other Disbursements	1,532,328.95
		Income Saved	$2,932,895.88
Total - -	**$6,895,013.54**	**Total - -**	**$6,895,013.54**

ASSETS		LIABILITIES.	
Bonds and Stocks	$11,827,881.00	Insurance Reserves	$25,599,593.69
Mortgages, First Liens	12,153,742.03	Annuity Reserves	1,775,904.17
Policy Loans and Premium Notes	4,192,627.42	Extra Reserves	382,705.31
Real Estate Book Value	1,215,476.06	Trust Fund Reserves	68,610.99
Loans on Collateral	16,560.00	Death Claims under adjustment	27,192.69
Cash, in Banks and Office	819,994.41	Liabilities	188,371.92
Interest and Rents Due and accrued	524,078.51		
Deferred and Unrep rted Premiums	640,878.70		
Due from Agents	1,271.53		
		SURPLUS - - -	$3,458,075.90
Total - -	**$31,398,453.67**	**Total - -**	**$31,398,453.76**

THE YEAR 1904 SHOWS

Increase in Insurance	**$9,068,776**	**Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders**	**$372,283**
Increase in Assets	**3,034,656**	**Increase in Surplus**	**529,766**
Increase in Income	**414,550**	**Insurance Issued**	**23,961,694**
		Insurance in Force	**$134,761,554**

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IT'S ALL IN THE BELLOWS

THE pianist produces his effects upon the piano by means of **muscular** force, exerted by his fingers, trained by long years of persistent practice. In the piano-player, **air** takes the place of muscle; that is, the mechanical fingers of the piano-player are actuated by air. The **bellows,** which furnishes the motive power, must be exceedingly sensitive, so that the force of each stroke of the mechanical fingers upon the piano keys can be perfectly regulated by the pressure of the feet upon the pedals.

The bellows must provide the performer at all times with a **reserve** power, which will enable him to accent a note; to swing instantly from the softest pianissimo to the heaviest fortissimo or vice versa, and which will permit these things to be accomplished with the **least possible effort.** It is because the patented bellows construction in the

CECILIAN PIANO-PLAYER

makes it possible for the performer to do these things surely, and easily, at all times, that the Cecilian is to-day far superior to any other piano-player on the market.

Inside of the big operating bellows of the Cecilian is a small bellows with a narrow, contracted outlet. When the pedals are worked, both parts of this compound bellows are immediately put into action. As the air with which the smaller bellows is filled must escape into the larger bellows, you will readily see that the large bellows must first be exhausted before the small bellows comes into play. The small bellows thus provides a **reserve force** which continues to operate the mechanical fingers of the player without any loss of power, after the force of the big bellows has been exhausted. This peculiar and patented bellows construction in the Cecilian gives the performer the utmost freedom for individual expression and enables him to produce the most delicate effects in tone coloring, with an absolutely non-mechanical touch, and also makes it possible for a woman to operate the Cecilian without fatigue.

The Cecilian can be attached to any piano, and with it any one can play any music, without previous experience or musical knowledge. The price is $250.00. Easy payments if desired. Write for booklet.

FARRAND ORGAN COMPANY, Dept. Y,

Paris, France. DETROIT, MICH. London, Eng.

Arnold Fabric Talks

¶ The wardrobes of fashion leaders include many summer frocks made from **Arnold Superfine Organdie** and **Arnold Silk Organdie,** which gives every purchaser of these beautiful fabrics assurance that that they will be comfortably and stylishly dressed.

¶ The range of patterns in all the various qualities of **Arnold Organdies** has grown with the season, and stocks of Arnold goods in all the larger stores are now replete with all our latest summer novelties, presenting visions of exquisitely beautiful floral printing, which will make selection easy for the most exacting taste.

¶ **Arnold Fil de Soie** is another of the season's favorites, which has the permanent lustre of real silk and is shown in all the new Dresden flower effects on tiny stripes and checks which are now so much in favor for summer wear.

¶ **Arnold Mohair Lustre** is now being produced in a great variety of light and medium suiting checks. These are in tremendous demand, which proves the consuming public's appreciation of this entirely new wash fabric on account of its wiry, lustrous, permanent finish, which is unaffected by dust and makes attractive street and traveling suits for ladies, misses and children.

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¶ The consuming public, who are interested in American products, which are superior in quality and more beautiful in design and finish than any Old World productions, and have not yet bought **Arnold Fabrics,** are respectfully referred to all reliable dry goods dealers everywhere, who will gladly show such a variety of attractive patterns of the **Arnold** goods as will convince the most skeptical of their unrivaled excellence.

¶ *If you would be sure you are buying the genuine ARNOLD goods, look for our trade-mark on the outside wrapper, which guarantees the fullest satisfaction.*

¶ Send postal to-day for the Arnold Magazine of Fabrics and Fashions.

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Arnold Jap-an-Gee
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Arnold Taffeta
Arnold Sea Island Percale
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ARNOLD PRINT WORKS, Dept. V, 40-42 Leonard St., New York

ANNUAL MEETING

AMERICAN CAR & FOUNDRY COMPANY

Stockholders' Meeting of the American Car and Foundry Company

The stockholders of the American Car & Foundry Company are hereby notified that the regular Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of said Company will be held in its offices No. 243 Washington Street, Jersey City, New Jersey, on Thursday, the 29th day of June, 1905, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors, and transacting such other business as may be properly brought before the meeting.

Stock Transfer Books of the Company will close Thursdays June 8th, and reopen Friday, July 3rd, 1905

D. A. BIXBY, Secretary.

DIVIDENDS

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD COMPANY.

Preferred Stock Dividend No. 12.

The regular quarterly dividend of ONE (1) PER CENT. on the Preferred Stock has been declared, payable June 1, 1905, to stockholders of record May 18, 1905.

F. A. LEHR, Treasurer.

FISK & ROBINSON, 35 Cedar St., N. Y.
Transfer Agents.

IOWA CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY.

Coupons due June 1, 1905, from first mortgage 5 per cent. bonds of this company will be paid on and after that date upon presentation at the office of the Mercantile Trust Company, 120 Broadway, New York City.

F. H. DAVIS, Treasurer.

MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS RAILROAD CO.

Coupons maturing June 1, 1905, from bonds of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad Company will be paid on and after that date upon presentation at the office of the Central Trust Company, 54 Wall Street, New York City.

F. H. DAVIS, Treasurer.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company.

New York, April 5, 1905.

The Board of Directors has declared a dividend (being dividend No. 9) on the COMMON Stock of this Company of TWO DOLLARS ($2.00) per share payable June 1, 1905, out of surplus net earnings, to holders of COMMON Stock as registered at the close of the transfer books on May 12, 1905. The transfer books for the COMMON Stock will be closed at three o'clock P.M. on May 12, 1905, and will be reopened at ten o'clock A.M. on June 2, 1905.

Dividend cheques will be mailed to holders of COMMON Stock who file suitable orders therefor at this office.

H. W. GARDINER, Assistant Treasurer,
5 Nassau Street, New York City.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY CO.

The 26th semi-annual payment of $2 per share interest on the 4 per cent. Debenture Stock of the Chicago Great Western Railway Company will be made, according to the contract pertaining to said stock, on the 15th day of July, 1905, to the holders of record on the last day of June, 1905.

The transfer books of the 4 per cent. Debenture Stock will be closed on the close of business on June 15th, and remain closed until after the Annual Meeting of the Company on the 7th day of September, 1905.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. C. WIGHT, Secretary.

St. Paul, Minnesota, May 6, 1905.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
120 Broadway, New York.

Coupons due June 1, 1905, from the following bonds will be paid on and after that date at this office, namely:

Southern Pacific Co. (Central Pacific Stock Collateral) 4% Bonds.

Southern Pacific Co. 2-5 Years 4½% Collateral Trust Bonds.

Central Pacific Railway Co. 3½% Mortgage Gold Bonds.

Gulf, Western Texas & Pacific Ry. Co. First Mortgage 5% Bonds.

Northern California Railway Co. First Mortgage 5% Bonds.

Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio Ry. Co. Second Mortgage 7% Bonds.

Fort Worth & New Orleans Ry. Co. First Mortgage 6% Bonds.

A. K. VAN DEVENTER, Assistant Treasurer.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.

A Semi-annual Dividend of THREE ($3.00) Dollars per share has been declared, payable in New York, July 1, 1905, to the Shareholders of record at the close of business May 31, 1905; also an extra Dividend of ONE ($1.00) Dollar per share out of the earnings of the Company on its investments.

JAMES F. FARGO, Treasurer.

New York, May 10, 1905.

AMERICAN CAR AND FOUNDRY COMPANY.
New York, May 9th, 1905.
PREFERRED CAPITAL STOCK.
DIVIDEND NO. 25.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held this day it was resolved that a dividend of 1 1-6 PER CENT. on the Preferred Capital Stock of the Company be declared and paid on Saturday, July 1st, 1905, at the office of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, No. 28 Nassau Street, New York City, to stockholders of record at the close of business on June 8th, 1905. Transfer books will close on Thursday, June 8th, 1905, and reopen on Monday, July 3d, 1905.

S. S. DE LANO, Treasurer.
D. A. BIXBY, Secretary.

AMERICAN CAR AND FOUNDRY COMPANY.
New York, May 20, 1905.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS:

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held on May 9, 1905, a dividend for two months at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. per annum (being one and one-sixth per cent.) was declared on the Preferred Capital Stock and made payable July 1, 1905. The transfer books will close June 8, 1905, and reopen July 3, 1905.

This action was taken to bring the quarterly dividend periods and reports in conformity to the fiscal year and annual statement. On account of the difficulty in taking inventory during a winter month, the fiscal year was changed to end April 30 instead of February 28, the Company having begun operations March 1, 1899, and the first fiscal period, therefore, was fourteen months. This change made it necessary to include the earnings for March and April in the annual statement and those for May in the subsequent quarterly report. As these three months have heretofore covered one dividend period, this separation of the earnings caused some misunderstanding, which will be avoided hereafter, as the quarterly report will then cover the same period as the dividend.

The first dividend on the Preferred Capital Stock was paid in July, 1899, and quarterly dividends have been paid on same since that time during each subsequent November, February, May and August. After July 1, 1905, however, the regular quarterly dividend on the Preferred Capital Stock of one and three-quarters per cent. (being at the rate of seven per cent. per annum), when declared, will be paid on the first day of October, January, April and July of each year, and on the same day a report of the result of the operations of the Company for the dividend period will be mailed to the stockholders.

It will be apparent that the dividend of one and one-sixth per cent., payable July 1, 1905, is declared solely to make the dividend periods and the quarterly reports conform to the fiscal year by paying two months' dividend before the regular time, and does not in any way affect the dividend rate to be paid on the Preferred Stock.

Respectfully submitted,
F. H. EATON, President.

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY.
New York, May 25th, 1905.

A dividend of ONE PER CENT. on the Common Stock of this Company has this day been declared, payable June 20th next to all Common Stockholders of record at 3 P.M. on Thursday, June 15th, 1905.

Common Stock transfer books will close 3 P.M., June 15th, and reopen June 21st, at 10 A.M.

HENRY ROWLEY, Treasurer.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA IRON COMPANY.

First Mortgage 5 Per Cent. Gold Bonds.

Coupon No. 6, due June 1, 1905, will be paid at maturity at the office of

FISK & ROBINSON, 35 Cedar St., N. Y.

H. D. CARSON, Secretary and Treasurer.

NOTICE.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Underwood Typewriter Company of New Jersey, held on the 23d day of May, 1905, a dividend of THREE (3) PER CENT. was declared upon the first and second preferred stock issues of said company to all stockholders of record at the close of business on June 10th next, payable July 1st, 1905, at the office of the company.

DE WITT BERGEN, Treasurer.

THE UNITED STATES LEATHER COMPANY.
26-28 Ferry St., New York, May 23, 1905.

A dividend of $1.50 per share on its preferred stock has this day been declared by the Board of Directors of this company, payable July 1, 1905, to stockholders of record June 15, 1905.

JAMES R. PLUM, Treasurer.

TO ALL HOLDERS OF PREFERRED STOCK AND OF COMMON STOCK OF

Rubber Goods Mfg. Co.

Office of

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

54 Wall Street, New York.

Pursuant to arrangements made by a Syndicate for the exchange of shares of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company for shares of the United States Rubber Company, the undersigned gives notice that in behalf of such Syndicate, the Central Trust Company of New York is prepared to receive the deposit of certificates for any shares of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company for the purpose of such exchange on the following basis:

For each $100 par value of the Preferred Stock of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company, $100 par value of the 8% noncumulative First Preferred Stock of the United States Rubber Company.

For each $100 par value of the Common Stock of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company, $50 par value of the 6% noncumulative Second Preferred Stock of the United States Rubber Company.

Such preferred stock of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company must carry all dividends and rights to dividends declared or payable after July 1, 1905.

Dividends on the preferred stocks of the United States Rubber Company to be delivered to depositors, are to begin to accrue from July 1, 1905.

Arrangements have already been made for the acquisition of a very large proportion of the stock of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company.

The offer herein made for stock of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company is conditional upon the deposit and sale hereunder of at least two-thirds in amount of all outstanding shares of the capital stock of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company.

Certificates for stocks of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company must be deposited with the Central Trust Company of New York, as depositary, as stated below, in exchange for its transferable receipts.

The deposited certificates must be accompanied by suitable assignments and powers of attorney, in blank, duly executed, and having attached thereto, if required, suitable assignments or transfers of all dividends and rights to dividends as above stated. Every deposit must be made upon the following further terms and conditions:

(1.) The undersigned shall have power to deliver the deposited certificates to the United States Rubber Company; but until so delivered the undersigned shall have full control over such certificates. The transfer and delivery to the United States Rubber Company of the deposited shares of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company, may be completed whenever the undersigned shall deem that a sufficient amount of such stock shall have been deposited.

(2.) The certificates for shares of the United States Rubber Company deliverable to depositors, shall be delivered at the office of the Central Trust Company of New York in the City of New York, after public advertisement by the undersigned made in at least two newspapers in the City of New York. Such certificates may be issued in the names of the respective holders of the receipts entitled thereto, or may be issued in such other names as the undersigned may select, in which event they shall be endorsed for transfer in blank at the time of delivery. Every depositor agrees to accept in full payment and exchange for his deposited stock, certificates for shares in the capital stock of the United States Rubber Company to be delivered at the rates above specified, in respect of the stock by him so deposited. At the option of the undersigned, temporary certificates for such shares may be delivered, pending the preparation and delivery of engraved certificates.

The United States Rubber Company has issued and has now outstanding 235,255 shares of preferred stock and 250,000 shares of common stock. Under resolutions of its Board of Directors at the meeting thereof held May 12, 1905, which action was ratified by resolutions of the stockholders in special meeting assembled upon May 25, 1905, the preferred stock is to be changed into a First Preferred Stock and is to be increased to 400,000 shares, of which 90,514 shares will be issuable in exchange for an equal amount of shares of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company, and the remaining First Preferred Stock will be reserved for future requirements of the United States Rubber Company. By the same resolutions, there has been authorized an issue of 100,000 shares of a Second Preferred Stock of the United States Rubber Company, all of which will be issuable to the aforesaid Syndicate under a contract (with the United States Rubber Company, of which a copy is on file with the Central Trust Company of New York, and to which reference hereby is made), providing for the offer by the Syndicate of one share of such Second Preferred Stock of the United States Rubber Company for every two shares of the common stock of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company. To the extent that the Syndicate shall not be entitled to such Second Preferred Stock under said contract, such Second Preferred Stock will be held by the United States Rubber Company for its future corporate requirements. It is the intention of the United States Rubber Company to make application to the New York Stock Exchange for the listing of all new stock.

(3.) The Central Trust Company of New York may make all such rules as it shall deem expedient covering the transfer and registration of receipts for deposited shares and for the closing of the transfer books for such receipts for any purpose.

(4.) At any time before the stocks of the United States Rubber Company actually shall have been issued and delivered in exchange for stocks of the Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company deposited hereunder, this offer may be revoked; and in such case no act or notice of revocation shall be required other than an advertisement thereof at least once in each of two daily newspapers in the City of New York. In the event of any such revocation, the deposited stocks then remaining unexchanged shall be returned without charge upon surrender of the respective receipts issued therefor, and the depositors and receipt-holders respectively shall have no claim against the United States Rubber Company or the Syndicate or against the undersigned.

Deposits must be made at the office of the Central Trust Company of New York, 54 Wall Street, New York City, on or before the 15th day of June, 1905. After that date, no deposit will be received except in the discretion of the undersigned, and on such terms as the undersigned may prescribe.

The right is reserved to the undersigned to terminate the privilege of deposit hereunder at an earlier date upon two days' notice, to be given by publication at least once in each of two daily newspapers in the City of New York.

For ANTHONY N. BRADY,
Syndicate Manager.

CENTRAL TRUST CO. OF NEW YORK,
54 Wall Street, New York.

Dated New York, May 27, 1905.